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EDWIN ARNOLD

AS

POETIZER AND AS PAGANIZER

CONTAINING

AN EXAMINATION OF THE "LIGHT OF ASIA"
FOR ITS LITERATURE AND FOR
ITS BUDDHISM

BY

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

It is proper to say that the present volume, while essentially in original design, and formally still in execution, a critique, literary and doctrinal, on Mr. Arnold's very popular poem, offers, as now presented to the public, a criticism of Buddhism itself, in the ethical part of that great religion so-called. It contains material nowhere else to be found in a form accessible to the general reader, for a just independent judgment of the real ethical merits of a pagan creed that has been much vaunted of late among us. It is thus a substantial contribution, which will be appreciated especially by Christian teachers, to the current discussion of Comparative Religion.

PREFACE.

It certainly would seem hardly worth while to write a book, even a little book like the present, solely for the purpose of criticising such a production as Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia." But that production has accomplished, is still perhaps in course of accomplishing, a mission in America of influence upon the public mind important quite out of proportion to any significance attaching to the poem by virtue of its own intrinsic character.

The publication of Mr. Arnold's work happened to coincide in time with a singular development, both in America and in Europe, of popular curiosity and interest concerning ethnic religions, especially concerning Buddhism. The "Light of Asia" was well adapted to hit this transient whim of Occidental taste. So I account, in part, for the instantaneous American popularity of the poem. At any rate, Mr. Arnold has, no doubt, whether by merit or by fortune, been, beyond any other writer, the means of widening the American audience prepared to entertain with favor the pretensions of Buddha and his teachings.

The effect is very observable. There has entered the general mind an unconfessed, a half unconscious, but a most shrewdly penetrative, misgiving that perhaps, after all, Christianity has not of right quite the exclusive claim that it was previously supposed to possess, upon the

attention and reverence of mankind. A letting up in the sense of obligation, on the part of Christians, to christianize the world, has followed. Nay, the individual Christian conscience itself has, if I mistake not, been disposed to wear more lightly its own yoke of exclusive loyalty to Jesus.

In view of this state of the case, I have thought that it might not be amiss, if I should take occasion, by Mr. Arnold's book, to let in, from original sources, a little real light upon his subject, for the satisfaction of those readers of his who would like to know what is the actual truth underlying his representations of Buddha and of Buddhism. In achieving my purpose, I was naturally led to consider as well the literary, as the didactic, value of the "Light of Asia." Hence the anomaly of what, upon the face of it, is a literary critique, appearing in the form of a book. My critique, while superficially of Mr. Arnold, becomes fundamentally of Mr. Arnold's subject not less. I will not disguise it, my true paramount motive throughout has been still more religious and Christian than literary.

As already intimated, one marked feature of the following discussion of Buddhism will be found to lie in the fact that it presents the system itself, in specimen, and not merely a single unfriendly critic's view of the system. Buddhism is given its chance to stand or to fall, with the reader, by its own inherent merits or demerits, and not by the praise or the blame of a perhaps prejudiced interpreter. The writer comments indeed, but the text on which he comments is Buddhist literature itself placed visibly under the eye of the reader. The reader can thus condemn either the thing criticised, or the person criticising, in accordance with what seems to be the demand of justice in the case.

The present writer judges Buddhism by the words which it speaks. It is but right that he too should himself in turn be judged, as inevitably he will, out of his own mouth.

FIRST PART.

I.

To admire is delightful. To admire wisely is well. But to admire unwisely is not well, however delightful. Those who admire Mr. Edwin Arnold's poetry, admire unwisely. This I purpose in the present essay to show. To do so will not be to me an agreeable, but it will, I may venture to trust, be by some readers accepted as a useful service.

Most people of culture read, as indeed it is right that they should, to enjoy, rather than to criticise. They would naturally prefer to have that which they enjoy something intrinsically worthy to yield them enjoyment. Given, however, a book that is praised by authorities supposably both competent and candid, theirs, then, not to reason why, but theirs simply to read and relish. In this amiable class of readers, happily so large, there are numbered many minds capable of intellectual neutrality enough to welcome with good nature a study submitted to them of an author that they have over-hastily admired, which shall seek to show them that they have bestowed their admiration amiss. It is, in great part, to such people of culture as these, genial and open-hearted, but also judicious and open-minded, that I address myself in the critique of Mr. Arnold herewith placed before the public. These readers I treat with all respect; a sentiment on my part toward them necessarily quite sincere, for among them I count dear personal friends of my own, men and women not indeed much given to criticis-

ing closely for themselves, but abundantly capable of appreciating and enjoying the closest criticism applied by others ; these readers, I say, I here treat courteously —with that best courtesy, the truth which is their due— at the same time that I treat Mr. Arnold himself—well, treat him, in strict conscience and with strong self-restraint, exactly as I think he, in his literary capacity, deserves.

My own first acquaintance with Mr. Edwin Arnold's poetry was made through a long and laudatory review of "The Light of Asia" in the *New York Daily Tribune.* This review contained copious extracts from the poem. It was beautifully read aloud to me, in a voice, the exquisitely modulated tones of which might commend almost any literature, to the ear at least, if not to the judgment and the taste. Prepossessed through the praises of the critic, as additionally persuaded thus by the voice of the reader, I easily formed a somewhat favorable impression of the poem. With equal ease, however, I soon dismissed it from thought, as being evidently the work of a mind without strongly individual character of its own, a mind capable at best only of reflecting light received from sources outside of itself. Meantime the "Light of Asia" was winning its audience among American readers.

One day, some months subsequently, a cherished friend of mine, a man of liberal culture, came to me with the volume, prompted in so coming by the generous thought of bringing me to share with himself the pleasure he experienced in its perusal. Naturally I was well inclined to enjoy the production appreciated in so genial a fellowship. "Is there a preface?" I asked. "There is." "Well, let us begin with that." My friend read the first sentence or two, I resting diffusely at ease meantime

to take my full comfort of the reading. With all loyal good feeling, in that perfect frankness of expression which the long relation of intimacy between us permitted, I raised to my friend now and then a question of doubt as to the quality of the writing. More and more, as the reading proceeded, I felt discomposed, refraining, however, as in courtesy bound, from further antipathetic expression. At length my friend, having doubtless been conscious all the time of skeptical effect, not intended, in my silence, spoke out: "There now, that, you will admit, is a fine sentence." To say truth, I had lost myself for a moment in alien meditation. "Let us have it again," I said. The first clause was repeated, when, "Pardon, just what does that mean?" I interrupted; "I do not seem to get the sense of the words." My friend had a very bright wit, but he was charmingly frank, and, characteristically, after pausing a moment to ponder the point, he acknowledged outright that he did not understand it. "Go on," I said. Clause by clause, we challenged together that sentence of Mr. Arnold's for its meaning. We finally determined the literary quality of the whole preface to be—such as it will hereafter be represented.

His preface convinced me that I should not be pleased with Mr. Arnold's poetry.

This may seem unreasonable. I was not forced to that conclusion of mine because the preface was ill written; but because it was ill written in a certain way, a way to prove, as I thought, the writer to be not fundamentally sincere and genuine in his literary character.

Still, I went forward to read the "Light of Asia" in company with my genial and cultivated friend. Point by point he made fight—as in good loyalty he felt committed to do—to the limit of the possibility that existed,

on behalf of the poet. The result finally was that we both were quite of a mind concerning the merits of Mr. Arnold's work. We felt equally confident in making light of its claims to be recognized as a product either of true genius or of true art.

Now, I take it, we two, my friend and I, probably very well represent the great majority of all Mr. Arnold's admirers. These need but some motive to examine with heed the real quality of their poet's production, to see it at length in the same light as that in which it came to present itself to us. In this sentiment, the criticism following is offered to the readers that it may find.

After the "Light of Asia" first appeared, it remained for a time uncertain what would be the fortune of the poem with the public. During that interval of doubt, serious criticism could judiciously be silent. The poem might not be admired. To prove, then, that it ought not to be admired, would be as barren as it would be dull.

But the case now is widely otherwise. The public has been taken by storm—a kind of snow-storm, if, led by verbal suggestion, one may thus suddenly go for his metaphor from war to weather. The "Light of Asia," in its different editions, soon fairly blanketed the English-speaking lands. And the clouds continued to thicken. Out of them descended the "Iliad of India." Next came "Pearls of the Faith." Latest, but, I grieve to fear, not last, "Indian Idylls" is upon us. It is clearly time to speak out.

I am going to speak out. I shall be very frank. But I shall be not less candid. And I begin with freely admitting that, all things considered, Mr. Arnold's performance in the "Light of Asia" was certainly a very clever, as it was a very lucky, one. He was a journalist, and he wrote a poem, or what passed for a

poem, of some length, and he did it surprisingly quick. The poem was much praised, and it became, at least here in America, decidedly popular. The American "reception" of it, the author himself was willing, in his printed letter to his American publishers, to admit, was "magnificent"—a form of admission, to be sure, by no means so significant for a journalist, as it would be for a poet, to make.

There are, in the world of letters, two problems about equally difficult—one is to tell beforehand where popularity will strike, the other to tell afterward why it struck there. Literary popularity, in fact, is very much like lightning in this respect. The lightning, however, indisputably struck Mr. Arnold, and, on his own part, intelligent curiosity to know the cause, might well give way to unreserved enjoyment of the sensation. We, on our part, who remain astonished, but otherwise disinterested, spectators of the "magnificent" phenomenon, may properly enough muse a little the reasons of it all. I accordingly submit herewith a volunteer conjecture of the reasons why the "Light of Asia" became suddenly so popular—for one would shoot howe'er in vain a random arrow from the brain.

In the first place, then, there is the large class already referred to of cultivated people, hospitably disposed beforehand toward good literature, and ready to be set in favor of any new book that seems suitably accredited with praise from the critics. That praise certainly was not wanting in the present instance from our American periodical organs of literature; and although English voices in general preserved an instructive silence, there did not, as will presently be shown, fail at least one apparently authoritative utterance from England too in eulogy of Mr. Arnold's work.

In the second place, there are plenty of people, not exactly cultivated, who like stories, and do not mind if the stories are told in verse. These people, then, good-humoredly call this liking of theirs a liking for poetry.

In the third place, those same people, together with a considerable number of others, are much pleased to accumulate information, or what they fondly suppose to be information, on all sorts of subjects. Of course, it is again no objection, if the information is conveyed in metrical form.

In the fourth place, there is a still different class, made up partly from a contingent not so included, that find great satisfaction in being liberal in their views. It is emphatically no objection if the subject in question be religion. These people feel the pleasant pains of intellectual enlargement, as they doubt not, when they lay themselves freely open to let the "sympathy of religions" ferment and expand within them.

Once more, there are some that hate to hear Aristides forever called the just, and that therefore are only too glad to believe of Jesus that He is but one of many very nearly, if not quite, as "high and holy and gentle and beneficent" as He. These people know so little, at first hand, of Jesus, that they can read about Buddha in Mr. Arnold's poem, without once dreaming that what they think admirable in the Indian prince's personality and action as therein displayed, is largely Jesus made to mask under a pagan disguise. They can condescend to admire, when they would not submit to obey. If Jesus will be somebody else than Himself, and will go far enough away from them not to stand at the door and knock, they will almost worship—His counterfeit, for the sake of affronting—Him.

If now we add that, a fashion of admiration toward a

particular work being once set, or bidding fair presently to be, an innumerable remainder of people to whom being out of the fashion, is being out of the world—if, I say, we add that the admirers of a successful literary production are sure to be reinforced and supported by the flocking in to their standard of an uncounted herd of such, why, there is, in the problem of the popularity of Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," little perhaps remaining to be solved—and that little may fairly be referred to the merits of the work for solution.

The merits of the work are, prettiness, fluency, a fair degree of clearness, real Oriental color (this last concession is subject to important exceptions)—and the fact that it was written by a journalist. These favorable points I have sought to arrange in their true order of climax. It does indeed seem to me the chief praise of the poem, that the poem was written by a journalist. Not that it was written very rapidly by a journalist, not even that it was written by a journalist in "the brief intervals of days without leisure," but that it was written by a journalist at all. This is no disparagement of Mr. Arnold's respectable profession. It is no disparagement of individual members of that profession. Among journalists are undoubtedly men of genius, as well as men of talent and character. William Cullen Bryant was an example in both classes at once. What I say simply recognizes the fact that journalism is so very different an affair from poetry, that long practice in it almost, not quite, hopelessly disqualifies the subject for the "accomplishment of verse." Mr. Arnold could not, I judge, have been a poet, even if he had not been a journalist; but that, being a journalist, he should have produced so successful an imitation of poetry, entitles him to praise. I could not honestly add simplicity to the enumeration of

Mr. Arnold's merits; for the simplicity of style, which of course I recognize as present, is not a genuine simplicity. This will, I think, appear to every candid reader of sense, from a consideration of the style in which Mr. Arnold has written his preface. Here the author expresses himself in his own proper manner, and that manner, it will be seen, is as remote as possible from simplicity.

In the very first sentence—but now I enter upon a little examination of Mr. Arnold's preface, which, though I myself think it important, some readers may think dull, and they therefore are entitled to skip it—Mr. Arnold says he has "sought *by* the medium," etc. In the next sentence he writes, "which *had* existed and *surpasses*;" "any other *form* of creed;" "*followers*" of a creed (for professors or adherents). In the third sentence, he tells us "four hundred and seventy millions of our race *live and die* in the tenets of Gautama." Leave out the word "live," and you have it stated that a certain definite large number of people "die" in the "tenets of Gautama." "Die" when, pray? Within what limits of time? We are left to conjecture. If he had said uncounted millions "*have* lived and died," that would have been intelligible, and then he might have added, "so many people are now living." But no, this number of people, four hundred and seventy millions, are living and dying—"live and die" habitually, we may suppose, and alternately, as it might be said that they "eat and sleep."

The next sentence in order, that is, the fourth, informs us that "the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts." The form of expression here need not be objected to; but what is it that we find

expressed? If Mr. Arnold had said, "some of the *best* traits in Hindu character and belief," instead of saying "the most *characteristic* habits and convictions of the Hindus," he would have made a more credible assertion. The Hindu character should be admirable, very admirable, to have "the most *characteristic* habits and convictions of the Hindus" due to a "*benign* influence" of any sort, no matter what. Of what other race could it be said that their most *characteristic* habits and convictions are due to a "*benign* influence" of any sort? Surely so broad a generalization in favor of an exceptionally high moral character in the Hindus, must awaken in the Occidental breast more of surprise than of conviction. Mr. Hardy, in his "Legends and Theories of the Buddhists," p. 205, says: "Among the millions of the Hindus, Buddha has not now a single worshipper. . . . The minister of the powerful Akbar, in the sixteenth century, could find no one in the wide dominions of his master, who could give him any explanation of the doctrines of Gótama [Buddha]." Ungrateful Hindus, after having been regenerated to a degree beyond example by Buddhism, to have let Buddhism slip away from them, as they have done, and to have embraced Brahmanism instead! A prognostic, by the way, not very favorable to that prospect of "immortality" for Buddhism which, as will presently be seen, Mr. Arnold very strongly claims in its behalf.

Seriously, what is this Hindu national character, that it should be thus praised by Mr. Arnold? But that is a question which may better be postponed to a later part of the essay. Let us pursue a little farther our inquisition into the quality of thought and expression that his preface may lead us to expect from Mr. Arnold.

The sentence next succeeding says that prince Gautama

Buddha's "personality," "though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of Thought." "In the history of Thought"—"Thought"—note the capital letter. But why, "history of *Thought*"? Why not just "history"? A "personality," if that term means the personal character of a real historic person, belongs not to the "history of Thought," but to history. Perhaps Mr. Arnold intends to insinuate, in a manner not to offend sensibilities, that Buddha, *and* Jesus, are mere conceptions of the human mind. Apparently, however, not—for, farther on in the preface, he says: "The Buddha of this poem—if, as need not be doubted, he really existed." Still this too is inconclusive as to Mr. Arnold's true meaning, if he had any true meaning. The sentence is probably pure "journalism."

We skip to the sentence in which the journalistic rhetoric of the preface culminates: "In point of age, therefore, most other creeds are youthful [Mr. Arnold is provident to tell us it is 'in point of age,' that 'most other creeds' are 'youthful'—we might otherwise have supposed it was in point of personal appearance!] compared with this venerable religion, which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom." First, observe the fine climax—existing in the contrary sense—from the "eternity of a universal hope," whatever that high-sounding phrase may mean, to "the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom"! Now what is it for a religion to have in it "the eternity of a universal hope"? I have seen a number of ingenious people work their brains over that single

expression, more than Mr. Arnold probably worked his brain over the entire preface, to try what sense they could make it yield to their quest. The most satisfactory guess was this : Because Buddhism offers something that everybody would like to get, and somewhat expects to get, ("a universal hope"), therefore Buddhism will always continue to exist. A fine sense truly !—the implication being that any religion will always continue to exist, if it only proposes, no matter on what evidence of its trustworthiness, to fulfil a hope that everybody cherishes !

The next phrase is nearly as grandiose, "the immortality of a boundless love." Besides being "eternal," this religion is also somehow "immortal" ! Its "eternity," however, springs from one cause, while its "immortality" springs from another. Buddhism is "eternal" because it offers something that everybody hopes to get, but Buddhism is "immortal" because—because—one is at a loss, it is something about "a boundless love" —whose the love may be, is not clear, probably Buddha's "love"—Buddhism is "immortal," let us say, because Buddha's "love" is, or was, "boundless." Next, Buddhism "has in it" "an indestructible element." We do not yet escape the idea of "eternity." The idea at least bids fair to be "eternal"—in Mr. Arnold's rhetoric. This time, however, it is not quite the religion of Buddha itself that reappears as "eternal," or "immortal," or "indestructible." It is now something in the religion, an "element"—namely, "faith in final good." The religion, then, exercises faith. This faith, exercised by the religion, is an "element" in the religion, and it is "an indestructible element," hence, probably, the religion which exercises the "indestructible element" is itself "indestructible." One

would have been disposed, without further argument, to admit a religion, that had already been proved both "eternal" and "immortal," to be also "indestructible"; but reasons are as plenty as blackberries with Mr. Arnold, and nobody will deny that, in this case, the last reason has, on the score of pure merit, an equal right with the others to be mentioned. But besides being alike "eternal," "immortal," and "in destructible," this religion contains "the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom." This now might also have been turned into a reason for—let us see, predicates "eternity," "immortality," "indestructibility" provided for—well, into a reason for, say, the *permanency* of Buddhism; we should then have had an "eternal," an "immortal," an "indestructible," and a "permanent" religion, with appropriate reasons severally corresponding; but the rule of "not too much" is absolute with Mr. Arnold, and he contents himself with simply stating his fact, not taking the trouble to indicate any relation whatever of his fact to the general tenor of the sentence. A *proud* assertion of human freedom, is a recommendation for Buddhism that will be appreciated by those who may be in need of such a religion as merits the recommendation. It is a case much resembling the classic one famous by the fame of President Lincoln's wit. For those that like this sort of thing, this would be just about the sort of thing that they would like.

I am bound now to add that one of my literary friends, a diviner, deep far beyond plummet of mine, in matters of mystical sense, insists with me that I have myself made a wide blunder in trying to comprehend Mr. Arnold in this sentence of his. The true meaning, as expounded by my friend, is something that I, with my thick organ of utterance, should vainly undertake to

express. I felt it but right, however, toward Mr. Arnold, to make this statement, even to my own confusion. I can truly say that my failure, if failure there has been, is one of the head and not of the heart; for I sought diligently to understand my author right.

In all candor, such writing as this of Mr. Arnold's—which, if my exegesis stands, hides in verbiage a meaning that instantly confutes itself, when simply expressed—is a sign of intellectual, not to say of moral, character in the writer, that no reader can wisely neglect. One sentence like the last sentence examined, is enough to settle it, at least to a very high degree of probability, that its author has nothing to say worth our paying attention to. It would be impossible for any good writer, in a sound state of mind, to produce such a sentence as that, and propose it seriously to the public. In truth, that sentence has almost the character of travesty. If it were travesty, deliberately designed, it would be less depressing than it is. It lacks genuineness; that is, it fails to be the expression of any real thought or conviction of the writer. Now, in yeasty youth, a man destined to be eventually a good writer, may no doubt deliver himself of much nonsense, that he, at the time, considers to be fine writing, and that imposes itself for fine writing upon readers of a certain class. But the characteristic tendency of a fundamentally good writer is to become more and more genuine, as he advances in age and experience. Whatever may happen to him in respect of anything else, in respect of genuineness at least, the fundamentally good writer becomes better and better. He may fall under a sinister influence and degenerate in various minor respects, but in respect of genuineness, I repeat, the good writer, if he be fundamentally good, is certain to grow better, and not worse. Mr. Arnold is not a

young man. His faults are not the hopeful faults of youth. They are the faults of the man, and not the faults of a stage in the man's development. Any single characteristic sentence, accordingly, of his production enables the thoughtful judge of style to determine his true rank and worth in literature, with as much certainty as Cuvier felt in classifying an extinct animal on the basis of a single fossil bone.

Let no reader misjudge me as delighting myself in pointing out minor faults in a piece of writing generally good. My criticism of this preface of Mr. Arnold's is no such barren, hard-hearted exercise on my part. On the contrary, it is, to such as may be pleased to follow it carefully, not a mere piece of petty carping, but a demonstration that the writer of that preface is a fundamentally false writer—false, I mean, not in the sense of wilfully mendacious, but in the sense of not being consciously and conscientiously true in expression to some real thought, sentiment, conviction, fancy, existing in his mind.

It will be agreed, I think, that Mr. Arnold's preface is a very unprepossessing piece of literary workmanship. It is exactly newspaper writing. It does not prepare you to expect to find the author of it a true poet. You read it, and you feel like the justice who, after hearing one side of the cause, declared himself bent on listening with condign impartiality to what the other side might have to urge in reply, but gave notice that in any case he should eventually decide against the defendant. You ponder Mr. Arnold's preface, and resolve with virtue not to read the poem in a prejudiced spirit; but in spite of yourself you go on knowing perfectly well in your heart that at last you shall give your verdict against it. How could it be otherwise?

I have so entitled this critique as to bind myself to pay some attention to what Mr. Arnold has done in verse, apart from that which must be regarded as his principal work. My obligation in this particular is easily discharged. From his supplementary volume of verse, with great promptness thriftily put forth in the immediate wake of its fortunate predecessor, I select a representative short poem for a moment's examination. The piece is entitled "The Three Roses." Let us take it up at once. To do so will be no break to the unity and progress of the main criticism. On the contrary, it will be exactly in the line of what I found myself saying just now in comment upon the preface to the "Light of Asia." I was remarking on the lack of genuineness exemplified in Mr. Arnold's work. This lack of genuineness is betrayed in the undigested, confused, discordant character of the conceptions upon which his poems generally are constructed.

"The Three Roses" seems to have been suggested by some lines of Mr. Aldrich, which Mr. Arnold prints as argument or preface to his own production. Mr. Aldrich mentions three roses bestowed, respectively, by a lover upon his beloved, by her paramour upon a harlot, by a widowed mother upon her dead child. Mr. Arnold's poem has for its basis the conceit that these three roses experience translation to a spirit-world of roses where they contend for a "palm." Each rose prefers her own claim. Of their three several pleas, the poem consists. It is a paltry conceit at best, to serve as scheme for a poem. But observe the utter lack of unity, of consistency, with which even this poor conceit is carried out. In the first place, it is not stated what the pre-eminence is, that the competitors strive, respectively, to establish for themselves. The first rose sets

out: "I am the *happiest* flower." The palm of happiness therefore might seem to be that for which they contend. But then the second rose begins: "I am the *wisest* rose." Number one is for excellence in happiness, number two is for excellence in wisdom. A queer competition for "*the* palm"! The third rose commences: "I was the *blessed* flower." "*Was*," now, instead of "*am*," as before; but why, nobody but Mr. Arnold, if even he, could tell. The third rose is for excellence in blessedness. A most extraordinary contention for "*the* palm"! It is a case in which it would need Solomon come again to award the prize. There should of right have been three palms corresponding to the three claims of the competitors. Manifestly, however, there was but one, for number three says: "Give back the crown, dear sisters." The "palm," it will be observed, has become the "crown." And there is but the one. However, the one crown is a very peculiar crown, for two, it seems, may have it together. How the two can manage to wear it—whether the crown is double, the several parts being attached to each other by a sufficiently long copula of some kind, or whether the distracted winners must content themselves with having it on their heads by turns—does not appear. Still, if the crown is double, it might as well be triple; or, if, on the other hand, it is a single one worn successively by two different holders, it might be as well by three—and so unpleasant disappointment be avoided all around. Number three says, "Give *back* the crown." She, then, had once had "*the* crown." How she got it, or why she should have surrendered it, conscious as she was all the time of a right to it that would presently make her claim it back again—this is one of the many riddles that Mr. Arnold gives us no means of solving.

Be it noted, that the three roses seem to constitute in themselves at once the group of competitors, and the court of award. Number three, therefore, has twice, as judge, given away the prize which now in turn she, as competitor, demands to have restored to her. Is it not all prettily conceived?

But we must not delay ourselves with the multiplied minor inconsistencies, contradictions, and impossibilities, involved in this crude and chaotic representative little poem of Mr. Arnold's. The chief absurdity is still to be noted. Mr. Arnold gives to his readers the cue for interpreting his piece in these two introductory lines:

> "Three Roses (in the world we do not see)
> Strove for the palm. Thus spake the beauteous Three."

In accordance with the information thus conveyed, whatever is said by the translated roses—it being said by them only to one another, and being said in that "world we do not see"—should of course properly have a character congruous to these conditions. But this is far enough from being the case. "The Widow's Rose" says, describing her own experience in translation, to sister roses, who, by the hypothesis of the poem, had both of them enjoyed substantially the same experience:

> "There shine no sunbeams so on earth,
> There is no air blows in such wise
> As this that swept from Paradise
> And turned grave-gloom to grace and mirth."

Now this, nobody can fail to see, is said as if the "Rose" were addressing herself to an earthly audience, and were imparting information to those who had not yet enjoyed an enlightening experience like her own. It is thus utterly inconsistent with the whole conception on

which the poem set out to be framed. The same rose goes on:

"I saw him rise unspeakably."

Now it was, so the next stanza represents, "clasped in that small hand," the hand of the widow's dead son, that this rose reached the spirit-world of roses. Very well, "clasped" in that hand, how could she *see* him "rise unspeakably"? Manifestly this too is said from a point of view entirely out of keeping with the very idea of the poem. A spectator remaining below might "*see*" such an "unspeakable" ascension. The rose, held fast within the shut hand, might "feel" the ascension she was sharing; but to speak of "seeing" it would be contrary to the conception.

But Mr. Arnold's oblivion of his plot becomes more declared and complete in the speech of the harlot's rose. This rose, with truly remarkable forgetfulness of where she is, does not hesitate to say:

"In all *this earth* there is not *one*
So desolate and so undone,
Who hath not rescue if *they* knew
A heart-cry goes the whole world through."

This stanza, with its irreconcilable incongruity, its awkward construction, its harsh discord of tenses and other bad grammar, may stand for its own sufficient commentary. It need only be said that the other poems of the collection are worthy of their association with this. This is named, by a no less cultivated critical authority than the *Atlantic Monthly*, first, among three that are by it pronounced the "most noticeable and the best of the collection." The *Atlantic Monthly* review commits itself further to the judgment that Mr. Arnold

"is a thorough artist"! "Artist" indeed! I would almost rather call him a poet. I have nothing further to add about the miscellaneous poems of Mr. Arnold. I come back to his "Light of Asia."

Before advancing, however, to the poem itself, let us still give attention to an instructive sentence or two more of the preface. "Finally," says Mr. Arnold, "in reverence *to* the illustrious Promulgator of this 'Light of Asia' [whom, choice of words, the capital letters, and the quotation-marks being considered, can this expression properly designate but Mr. Arnold himself?—for my own part, I am disposed to think that Mr. Arnold here was truer than he meant to be] and in homage to the many eminent scholars who have devoted noble labors to his memory for which both *repose* and ability are wanting to me, I beg that the shortcomings of my too-hurried study may be forgiven." Now, just what happens, or is to happen, "in reverence *to*" (Mr. Arnold, or) Gautama, and "in homage to the eminent scholars" alluded to, is a trifle indeterminate. Does Mr. Arnold "beg" "in reverence" and "in homage"? Or is the forgiveness begged for to be granted "in reverence" and "in homage"? "Reverence *to*" Buddha might incite a man, conscious of that sentiment, to do his best in presenting Buddha favorably to an irreverent public; the same emotion might incline such a man to seek forgiveness from Buddha for not succeeding to his own mind; but I cannot see why "reverence *to*" Buddha should incline the man, with reference to people that do not care a button for Buddha as an object of worship, to beg pardon of these for not getting on better in his pious purpose. Mr. Arnold might well, as I think, and as I am about to show, pray to be forgiven for the literary faults of his work; but that prayer on

his part should, in order to get its answer, be inspired by "reverence to," not Buddha, but the public against whom he has committed his sin. He may be sure that we, for our part, we presumptive Christians, shall not forgive him a moment the sooner, or a shade the more freely, because he begs us in "reverence to" Buddha. By "repose," Mr. Arnold probably means what other men would express by the word "leisure," or "opportunity." Men do not generally speak of "*repose*" for "*labors.*" The next sentence reads, "It *has been* composed in the brief intervals of days without leisure [?] but *is* inspired by an abiding desire to aid in the better mutual knowledge of East and West." The closing sentence of the preface is as follows: "The time may come, I hope, when this book and my 'Indian Song of Songs' will preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples." About every second man that reads, or that hears read, the preface, understands the expression "one who loved," to point out Gautama. The better interpretation has it that Mr. Arnold himself is the man intended. Now what definite future time Mr. Arnold could have had in mind "when" this preservation of his own memory should take place, I have vainly tried to conceive. One accomplished friend suggests that the author's death is thus, with Attic politeness, alluded to. But this would represent Mr. Arnold as "hoping" for the time of his death, which he is not yet, I am persuaded, Buddhist enough to do. Does he mean a time when everything else that he may have done, or said, or written, shall have been forgotten, and nothing but these two poems of his shall be remembered? That would leave him "hoping" that only these two poems of his will survive in human memory. Mr. Arnold's luck as a poet gives him excellent reason to be a hopeful man;

but assuredly he does not "hope" either that he will die, or that everything of his work except these two poems of his will perish. By the way, can the mention of the "Indian Song of Songs" have been smuggled in just here, in the spirit of thrifty advertisement, to make admiring readers aware that the author of the "Light of Asia" had written another poem worthy to be named with that, as perhaps destined to preserve the poet's memory, after everything else that he had done, or should do, was soundly forgotten—forgotten, in fulfilment of his "hope" that the time might come when such should be the case? "Loved India *and* the Indian peoples"—"India" first, and after India, the "Indian peoples"! The journalistic sense of rhythm, one may guess, rather than any real meaning in the writer's mind, determined this duplicate form of expression.

So much for Mr. Arnold's preface. Let us continently turn away from it, leaving it still an unexhausted mine of illustration for the journalistic, as contrasted with the poetic, spirit. We come to the poem.

II.

The poem is narrative and exposition, mixed. It is divided into eight books. It is conceived as the production of a Buddhist votary. To what audience it is conceived to be addressed by this votary, I find it not easy to say. It might be a long-drawn rhapsodic soliloquy, but in just such a soliloquy as that which this poem would make, even a Buddhist votary could hardly be insane enough to indulge; for the poem contains passages evidently designed to describe and explain, as for readers not familiar with things in the East. This consideration embarrasses one too in attempting to regard the poem as addressed to an Eastern audience. Probably Mr. Arnold had no definite conception in the matter. His votary narrates and expounds for whomsoever, anywhere in the world, he may get to read what he writes. The consequence is, that the Orientalisms of the poem are too much explained for the East, and too little explained for the West.

In truth, wherever we read Mr. Arnold in his poetry, we discover the lack of whole and consistent conception. This characteristic of his I have already sufficiently illustrated, in comment on one of his minor poems. He has no imagination. He abounds in conceits and fancies; but one distinct conception of the imagination, I have yet to meet with in his work. Plot to his poem, there is almost none. The only machinery consists in his "imaginary Buddhist votary," and this person's part in

the poem is so little necessary that, except for Mr. Arnold's advertisement of it in the preface, the reader would scarcely suspect but it was "one who loved India and the Indian peoples" that was saying it all. The imaginary Buddhist votary is a very shadowy disguise. For the rest, the plan of the poem is baldness itself. Mr. Arnold simply goes through the mass of legends concerning Gautama, selects for relation incidents belonging to successive stages of that personage's experience, intersperses descriptions full of wearisome detail—which may be true to Oriental life, but which are not lighted by one ray of imaginative power—toward the last gives us, in laborious quatrains followed by a few couplets, an exposition of the dreary plan of salvation proposed by Buddha, and closes all with an absurd invocation of that "Savior," in which the climax seems to be a little outlandish jargon, which, whether English readers guess it Sanscrit, Pali, or Singhalese, will of course be utterly unintelligible to them, and, worse, of such an effect in sound as to be rather ridiculous than impressive. There perhaps never was a poem of equal length more destitute of merit as respects invention. The only thing invented, in the way of plan for the poem, is, as I have said, the "imaginary Buddhist votary," and he "writes"—for the invention is so strangely poverty-stricken that there is even no contrivance to have the "votary" located anywhere in time, space, circumstance, occasion—he does not speak, he "writes," when, where, why, to whom, I defy anybody to tell; indeed, except, I believe, for one passage in the eighth book, you have to go out of the poem into the preface in order to learn that it is a "votary," and not Mr. Arnold himself, to whom you are giving attention.

With respect, then, to that which is always the chief

thing in a poem, namely, the conception, the invention, of it as a whole, the "Light of Asia" is utterly wanting. It is here in fact incredibly cheap. It is a pleasantry, of the most Titanic proportions, to talk of this production as an "epic." At most, and at best, it is a series of idylls of the Buddh. The mere statement of the contents of the eight books into which the poem is divided, will suffice to show how destitute of imaginative, constructive, creative, merit, how baldly mechanical, chronological, is the order of arrangement. Book I. deals with the birth and prodigious infancy of Gautama. Book II. treats of his effeminate youth and his marriage. Book III. describes his luxurious life as a young married prince. Book IV. relates his forsaking of his wife and son to become an ascetic. Book V. details incidents of his ascetic life. Book VI. tells how his ascetic practices resulted in his becoming Buddh. Book VII. brings him back a Buddh to his father, his wife, his son, and his kindred. Book VIII. contains a specimen of Buddha's preaching, or rather an exposition of his doctrine. There is little here that is not simple, servile following of the course of the legends. What Mr. Arnold has done is to cull a number of things out of the enormous mass of stories, mythical and other, concerning Gautama Buddha, and versify them for English-reading people.

Has he done this well, as a matter of literary performance? Has he done it well, as a matter of just biographical and doctrinal representation? These two questions, in their order, may divide for us the present discussion. I state them a second time in different words. Is the "Light of Asia" good poetry? Is the "Light of Asia" good history?

These two questions are quite distinct. The "Light

of Asia" might be admirable as literature, while untrustworthy as representation of fact. On the other hand, the "Light of Asia" might fail as literature, and be nevertheless valuable as a source of information. We will keep these two questions as separate from each other as possible in our investigation.

Let us begin by granting to Mr. Arnold unlimited freedom as to matters of fact, that is, as to matters of principal fact. We will not for the present question the truth of his main narrative. We will suppose it true. We will make to him the same vast concession that we make to Homer, to Virgil, to Milton, concerning mere tale, plot, machinery. Given these things all entirely as Mr. Arnold would have them, has he used them well, has he made good poetry with them? So far as, in our purely literary criticism, we may happen to deal with what purports to be expository of Buddhist teaching, we will still maintain the same attitude. We will stick at nothing. Buddhism shall be what Mr. Arnold says it is, and it shall merit all the enthusiasm he may think fit to bestow upon it. We will limit ourselves closely to asking, Has he presented this admirable thing admirably? All this complaisance, on our part, is to be exercised strictly while we are considering the work as poetry. Afterward, we will challenge Mr. Arnold as freely as we please respecting his fidelity to the truth of history and of doctrinal exposition. But not now. Now we provisionally grant everything—save and except literary excellence. Respecting the matter of literary excellence, we make our inquisition.

We have already found reason to deny to this poem the chief praise that can be due to any poem—the praise of being one consistent, harmonious, imaginative whole. We need only repeat that denial here. The "Light of

Asia," if it be pronounced good poetry at all, must be pronounced good poetry solely on the ground of fine execution in detail.

First, let us examine the versification. Versification is perhaps as completely external a characteristic as anything pertaining to a poem. That characteristic indeed is far from being completely external. The metre, the rhythm, the melody, the harmony, are as much of the poetry, as, according to the French phrase, the style is of the man. Still, technically and negatively considered, the versification of the "Light of Asia" might be good, and the poetry of the poem be poor. Or, on the other hand, the versification might be full of technical faults, and the poetry nevertheless be fine. What is the fact with reference to Mr. Arnold's book? The fact, in one word, is, that the versification of the "Light of Asia" is not good. There are parts of the poem, especially the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, in which the versification is fairly correct, smooth, and fluent. It even becomes not seldom decidedly grateful to the ear. But generally it is mere metre, without any such variety in movement and pause as is needful to make metre more than metre—rhythm also, and harmony. This, where the metre is negatively good; but the metre itself is often not simply not good in even a negative sense, but bad; and not simply bad, but flagrantly bad. I give examples—not indeed of the prevalent mechanical character of the versification—I should need to quote page after page for that—but of the positive faults. In citing instances, we may as well observe in general the order of the poem itself. It is hardly worth while to classify the faults.

"And know | ing the | time come—for all things knew—"

"Ing-thé"—we are obliged thus to scan the line—is

an iambus that it would be impossible for a nice ear to admit into verse.

> "The portents troubled, till his dream-read*ers*."

The enforced accent on the final syllable in "dream-read*ers*" illustrates a favorite expedient of Mr. Arnold's for increasing the facility of versification. The effect is very whimsical on the sense trained to feel the delicacies of metre and rhythm. Let us so far classify here as to cluster a few more specimens of Mr. Arnold's freedom with unaccented syllables occurring at the close of his lines. The reader will of course observe that what I thus exemplify from Mr. Arnold, is not the well-authorized usage of adding here and there a hypermetrical syllable without accent, after the verse is metrically complete. In Mr. Arnold the unaccented syllable is not hypermetrical. It belongs to the regular scansion of the verse. And its metrical position compels you to give it the accent. As if to make the effect as bad as possible, Mr. Arnold, oftener than otherwise, it will be noted, contrives to have his closing light syllable preceded by a full weighted spondee:

> "Gaped on the sword-play*ers* and postur*ers*."
>
> "The jugglers, charmers, swingers, rope-walk*ers*."
>
> "Tokens of cave-men and the sea peop*les*."
>
> "Lord Buddha kept to all his schoolmas*ters*."
>
> "Amid the blossoms of the rose-ap*ple*."
>
> "But they who watched the prince at prize-giv*ing*."
>
> "And always breathed sweet airs more joy-giv*ing*."
>
> "In tress of singing-girl or nautch-dan*cer*."
>
> "Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tam*er*."
>
> "By day and night here dwelt the World-honor*ed*."
>
> "A band of tinselled girls, the nautch-dan*cers*."

"Now by that river dwelt a landhol*der*."

"Of beauty and the rosy breast-blos*soms*."

Mr. Arnold likes this trick of his own so well that he uses it sometimes elsewhere than at the close of lines. For instance,

"He said, and what my dream-read*ers* foretold."

"The fish-tig*er* of that which it had seized."

So much may suffice for display of one peculiarity in Mr. Arnold's art of verse. I have been tediously full in citation that readers may recognize the fault exemplified to be frequent and not rare. Now let us gather in heap other of his metrical peculiarities, to be assorted and arranged and labelled at their own pleasure by leisurely readers and admirers of this poet. I cite here, let it be remembered, simply in the way of illustrating Mr. Arnold's mastery of the versifying art.

"Turkises, 'evening-sky' tint, woven webs."

(A "web" is defined in the dictionaries, "something *woven*." Mr. Arnold makes assurance doubly sure. These "woven articles" are "woven," he tells us.) What hearer of the foregoing line would suspect that it was intended to be metrical?

"And life is woe, therefore in sev-en days."

Consider that "seven" is a word of one syllable, the second *e* in it being silent. "Evening" too has its *e* after *v* silent, forming thus a word of two syllables. Now read, and admire the ear for metre which could let Mr. Arnold make the following line:

"Which fell : for on the seventh e-ven-ing."

And this:

"And see the peoples of the e-ven-ing."

And these:

"Lo! all these sev-en fears are sev-en joys."

"Therefore upon the sev-enth day, there went."

"Wail desolate, for e-ven that must go."

And these following, with their spasmodic interruptions of *d*-sounds, which it would need a professional stutterer to give the full delicious effect of:

"An*d* in the woo*d* they un*d*ivi*d*e*d* *d*ie*d*."

"By bloo*d*; nor gla*dd*en go*d*s being goo*d* with bloo*d*."

"Broa*d*-sprea*d* to gli*d*e upon the *free blue* roa*d*."

The last is a line intended to represent the "smooth-sliding" flight of the swan. The recurrence of *d*-sounds in it, the over-abundance of consonants, the length of the syllables, but especially the unlucky combination, in the three closing words, of letters requiring laborious re-adjustment of vocal organs to pronounce them in succession, would make this line a bad one for any purpose, unless it were for the purpose of representing some baffled and obstructed movement. But for the purpose of representing the easy sailing of the swan in migration "through the azure deep of air," nothing could well be worse. Contrast Mr. Lowell's line, descriptive of a somewhat similar thing:

To swim on sunshine masterless as wind.

"Rich inlay*ings* of lotus and of bird."

"Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed."

"Wove for me; hot the strife waxed in that wood."

"Nay, it may be some of the Gods are good."

"And cheat his high*ness* into happi*ness*."

"Thus filed they, one bright maid after another."

"In the lovely court--her dark glance dim, her feet."

"Where love was gaoler and deligh*ts its* bars."

As I said, it would be quite out of the question to represent by instances the prevailingly mechanical character that belongs to the versification throughout. There are plenty of pleasant words—or rather a limited number of pleasant words are repeated often enough—there are some musical combinations, there are a few lines that have a rhythm and movement of their own, there are long passages in which there is certainly a sweet flow of sound; but of rich, varied, harmonious versification, worthy to be compared with Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Tennyson, even with Bryant, there is not an example.

It will perhaps be fair, at this point of strong denial to Mr. Arnold, to give a passage in exemplification of his quality at its best. I select the passage descriptive of the circumstances under which Buddha delivered his teaching before the king (his own father) and the circle of his kindred. It was a signal occasion, and Mr. Arnold, feeling that he has now reached the point of culmination in his poem, exerts his powers to the utmost—with result as follows (the imaginary Buddhist votary speaks, or rather writes):

"I cannot tell
A small part of the splendid lore which broke
From Buddha's lips: I am a late-come scribe
Who love the Master and his love of men,
And tell this legend, knowing he was wise,
But have not wit to speak beyond the books;

And time hath blurred their script and ancient sense,
Which once was new and mighty, moving all.
A little of that large discourse I know
Which Buddha spake on the soft Indian eve.
Also I know it writ that they who heard
Were more—lakhs more—crores more—than could be seen,
For all the Devas and the Dead thronged there,
Till heaven was emptied to the seventh zone
And uttermost dark hells opened their bars;
Also the daylight lingered past its time
In rose-leaf radiance on the watching peaks,
So that it seemed Night listened in the glens
And Noon upon the mountains; yea! they write,
The evening stood between them like some maid
Celestial, love-struck, rapt; the smooth-rolled clouds
Her braided hair; the studded stars the pearls
And diamonds of her coronal; the moon
Her forehead-jewel, and the deepening dark
Her woven garments. 'Twas her close-held breath
Which came in scented sighs across the lawns
While our Lord taught, and, while he taught, who heard—
Though he were stranger in the land, or slave,
High caste or low, come of the Aryan blood,
Or Mlech or jungle-dweller—seemed to hear
What tongue his fellows talked. Nay, outside those
Who crowded by the river, great and small,
The birds and beasts and creeping things—'tis writ—
Had sense of Buddha's vast embracing love
And took the promise of his piteous speech;
So that their lives—prisoned in shape of ape,
Tiger, or deer, shagged bear, jackal, or wolf,
Foul-feeding kite, pearled dove, or peacock gemmed,
Squat toad, or speckled serpent, lizard, bat;
Yea, or of fish fanning the river-waves—
Touched meekly at the skirts of brotherhood
With man who hath less innocence than these;
And in mute gladness knew their bondage broke
Whilst Buddha spake these things before the king."

I am now in the midst of a special examination of Mr. Arnold's versifying art. It would therefore violate the order of our discussion to enter here at large upon any

general criticism of this passage considered as poetry. Considered as verse merely, the passage, with certain obvious exceptions, deserves to be praised for its pleasant and musical flow. It is a movement decidedly grateful to the ear. We need to make exceptions for the line,

"Were more—lakhs more—crores more—than could be seen,"

in which the strange words have an outlandish effect, and for the line,

"Till heaven was emptied to the sev-enth zone,"

in which "seventh" is, according to Mr. Arnold's habit, made to do duty as a dissyllable; but these apart, there is not very much to mar the melody of the verse. It is the ear, however, not the taste, or the judgment, that is pleased. And since this is avowedly a critical essay, and since it will be inconvenient to return hereafter upon the present extract, I may guard myself against being suspected of gratuitously grudging whole-hearted praise to my author, by pointing out in part, as I pass, why I do not think the foregoing passage to be genuine poetry. To say nothing of the poor conceit about the evening's likeness to a "love-struck" maiden, with her various personal adornment—done, the whole of it, in the taste of a French hairdresser—there lacks, as usual with Mr. Arnold, the one integral conception that must always preside in order to secure unity, consistency, truth, in a poetical, or indeed in a merely rhetorical, representation. It was evening, daylight lingered, it was cloudy, it was starry, the moon shone, and the "dark" was "deepening." Now, as long as "daylight lingered," the darkness could not "deepen"; and then, after daylight withdrew, as long as the moon

shone, the darkness could not "deepen." The darkness was necessary to carry out the details of the similitude to be enforced between the evening and a maiden; imagination slept, while fancy waked, in the writer, and hence there should be "deepening dark" at the same time that there was the double, but contradictory, brilliancy of daylight and moonlight. (By the way, is the "love-struck" maiden to be imagined as having been all the time in gradual process of getting her "woven garments" on? The "deepening dark" apparently was all the dress she wore, and this, during the interval of her greatest need—that is, while "daylight lingered"—must have been distressingly inadequate.) The simple truth is, the picture is one that no mind can take in as a whole—for the reason that it does not constitute a whole. It is an assemblage of particulars that do not naturally go together. In a word, it is not a picture—an impossible picture—that Mr. Arnold here presents us, so much as something else not a picture at all, but a mass of bright color in blotches. The analogy between evening and a maiden is too delicate and elusive to be coarsely handled. Run it out into allegory, and you make it rather curious than suggestive, less pleasing than ridiculous. Contrast Wordsworth's one sufficing stroke of such comparison:

> It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
> The holy time is quiet as a Nun
> Breathless with adoration.

That is poetry—the true article. For the difference between a literary decorator's massing of unharmonized details, and a real poet's picture of the imagination, contrast again Milton's description following:

> Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
> Had in her sober livery all things clad;

> Silence accompany'd ; for beast and bird,
> They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
> Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
> She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
> Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the firmament
> With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
> The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
> Rising in clouded majesty, at length
> Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
> And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

The true is often by itself alone a sufficient touchstone for the false. Milton of course described evening in progress, whereas Mr. Arnold is describing, or should be, evening in suspense. But between the two descriptions there remains nevertheless the radical difference of false and true.

From this attention to Mr. Arnold's poetry as poetry (which has been in the nature of a digression), let us return to consider somewhat further the quality of his poetry as verse. The trick of versifying in Mr. Arnold, which imposes upon readers, not on their critical guard, to make them think that he does good work, is a mere trick, a mannerism, caught from many different sources, but mainly perhaps from Tennyson, as Tennyson writes in his "Idylls of the King." Take this line, for instance—who does not perceive at once how exactly it is fashioned, though not well fashioned, in rhythm, upon the model of Tennyson?

> "Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind blew."

Or this :

> "Splendid, six-rayed, in color rosy-pearl."

Or this, with its manneristic repetition of "rule" :

> "Which gave him earth to rule, if he would rule."

Compare Tennyson's :

> The temples, and the people, and the shore,

with Mr. Arnold's :

> "The temples, and the gardens, and the groves."

It may justly be said that there are few, very few, lines, or even phrases, of rhythm, in Mr. Arnold's versification, that are at the same time good and original. Here, for example, is part of a line from the song sung to Gautama by the Devas, in "the voices of the wandering wind"—this song, by the way, is one of the very best passages in the whole poem ; it hardly misses being really good—

> "But life's way is the wind's way."

Longfellow has :

> A boy's will is the wind's will.

The ear observant of rhythmical effects perceives that, quite apart from the similarity of thought in these two phrases, there is an almost absolute identity of movement in versification. The explanation of such coincidences probably is, that Mr. Arnold's musical sense instinctively notices and retains a peculiar passage of rhythm, but that this happens with him without active consciousness on his part. The instinct and the trained skill to create new effects are wanting to him. He is an amateur, nothing higher, in the art of verse. Let me run the risk of confuting myself before my readers, by giving here the song above alluded to. Mr. Arnold deserves his chance, and he shall have it. Is not this that follows almost fine ?

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

"Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs nor whither life doth go;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

"What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

"O Maya's son! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

"Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is but empty show;
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.

"But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!

"We are the voices of the wandering wind:
Wander thou too, O Prince, thy rest to find;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow and deliverance make.

"So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;
So say we; mocking, as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play."

III.

We now dismiss the matter of metrical form as exemplified in Mr. Arnold's work, to take up matters of more interior concern. Let us go inward, by gradual approaches, to the heart of the work. After considering the execution of a design in poetry as far as relates to mere correctness and elegance of metre and rhythm, we may naturally next inquire, How well has the poet done in point of diction and syntax? Has he a rich and choice vocabulary, does he use words well, and are his constructions good? I proceed to satisfy curiosity in this regard. It is a humble quest—an Aristarchian criticism, some may say; but words and sentences are necessary to the expression of thought, and let us be patient.

"Aho!" is a specimen of interjection from Mr. Arnold's mint. It comes in very finely at the end of a line. The passage is a pathetic one, and "Aho!" takes the burden and ictus of the pathos:

> "Whose happy music lulled me, but—aho!—"

Isn't it touching? It recalls the famous,

> Oh, Sophonisba, Sophonisba, oh,

of James Thomson, with its fatal echo from the gallery,

> Oh, Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, oh,

but of course it has the merit, which that lacked, of

something original in diction. "Dumbed" is a verb which Mr. Arnold thinks it well to revive. "A-dead" is another happy coinage of our poet :

> "Lo ! as ye lie asleep so must ye lie
> A-dead."

"A-swoon," "a-roast," are additional examples of Mr. Arnold's verbal invention, like in taste. The perhaps unconscious art with which, by antithesis or by metrical accentuation, the poet calls our attention to his prettier strokes, should not go unobserved.

From sleep to death, and then from death to life, and back again, are such weaver's-shuttle movements with Mr. Arnold, that it is natural here to quote

> "'Oh ye,' it said,
> The dead that are to live, the *live* who die."

"The *live*" for "the living" ! "A-down," as a matter of course. "Wood-glooms" forms a "perfectly lovely" compound that would please the miss just entered upon her teens. "Blood-gouts" for "drops of blood" may not strike the young person so pleasantly. "Arithmic" for "arithmetic" is in Mr. Arnold's most Miltonic vein of diction. "Upstood," not for "stood up," in the sense of rising to the feet, but to mean "remained standing," occurs. Two trees

> "Siddartha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,
> Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks *upstood.*"

"Keen, *but* so smooth"—as if there were opposition between the keenness and the smoothness—as if a blade did not, quite to the contrary, cut smooth, *because* of its being keen. But in Mr. Arnold's peculiar style, it is neither the blade that is "keen," nor the gash that

is "smooth." It is instead the "*stroke*" that is "keen, *but* smooth."

It is, as the reader will have seen, hard work to keep one's shillelah to its true present mark, the show of head is everywhere so inviting in Mr. Arnold. We were attending to the matter of diction in our poet. Is the following a point of diction, or what is it? Mr. Arnold makes his prince say:

> "Nay, if I had yon callow vulture's plumes—
> The carrion heir of wider realms than mine—
> How would I *stretch* for topmost Himalay,
> Light where the rose-gleam lingers on those snows
> And strain my gaze with searching what is *round!*"

"Plumes" are feathers, and *wings* with feathers are instruments of flight. Feathers, however, are not instruments of flight—not even if you call them "plumes." But what is a "*callow* vulture"? It is a vulture not yet furnished with feathers—an unfledged, featherless, naked bird. We find, then, Mr. Arnold's Buddha sighing for a particular style of "plumes" to fly with, they must be the plumes of a "callow vulture"—that is, the plumes of a vulture without plumes. Prince Buddha was vaporing to his wife at the time. If his wife had had half the wit of a common woman in these parts of the world, she would have said to her husband, "Plumes of a callow vulture, forsooth! You needn't wait for *them.* You have got them already. That is just the kind of plumes you have on this moment! Now '*stretch*' away with them, as fast and as far as you please—good riddance and happy voyage to you, and don't trouble yourself to come back here again, I beg of you, till at least you get your pin-feathers out!"

"Jewelled" is a fine adjective that Mr. Arnold likes.

He uses it no less than six times in his fourth book alone. The tawdry taste indicated by its being used at all, (Milton never uses it, Shakespeare never, Tennyson, save in that scornful line of the "Maud," "jewell'd mass of millinery," I believe never,) and the poverty, embarrassing the ambition, of style, indicated by its being used so frequently, suggests an instructive comparison and contrast. I consult a copious verbal index to Milton's poetry. There, as I have indicated, I do not find the word "jewelled" occurring—that, nor any other word of like descriptive *tone*. The more general words of somewhat similar import (which we might of course look to see occur oftener) appear in Milton as follows: "Splendid," once in the whole of "Paradise Lost"; "stately," four times; "gorgeous," four times; "magnificent," three times. Such is the parsimony of real opulence. But poverty cannot afford to be parsimonious. It must go "jewelled," lest it be counted poor.

The bedizenment of adjectives, such as "sweet," "soft," "tender," "bright," "glad," "beauteous," "radiant," "rich," "stately," incessantly recurring, must strike every observant reader of the "Light of Asia." A little arithmetic here will be useful. There is as yet no concordance to Mr. Arnold's poetry, and I have had to go laboriously about the business of getting my census. However, I was lucky enough to enlist some ready helpers with young eyes, and have thus had approximate count taken of the number of times that certain words occur in the "Light of Asia." The results furnished me I myself tested for their correctness, by requiring that the local reference should invariably accompany each time of a word's occurring reckoned in the list. I may not have got—probably I have not—all the places where the specified words do occur; but cer-

tainly I have none where they do not occur. The comparison with Milton and with Tennyson, as these poets are given in the verbal indexes to their works, is more than curious, and more than interesting—it is instructive. The "Light of Asia" contains about forty-five hundred lines, against about ten thousand five hundred in the "Paradise Lost." In the "Light of Asia," the word "sweet," inflected or compounded, occurs sixty-nine times—or once in every sixty-five lines; in the "Paradise Lost" sixty-six times—or once in every one hundred and fifty-nine lines. Mr. Arnold, therefore, employs that word about two and a half times as often as Milton. The word "tender," with suffix, or inflected, or compounded, appears twenty-five times in the "Light of Asia," against six times in the "Paradise Lost"—Mr. Arnold thus using that word nearly ten times as often as Milton. The word "soft," variously modified, the "Light of Asia" contains forty-one times; the "Paradise Lost" thirty-three times—that word being thus worked about three times as hard by Mr. Arnold as by Milton. Similar, perhaps even more striking, results would be exhibited by the comparison of Mr. Arnold with Tennyson. Tennyson, before the concordance was published of his poetry, had produced a volume of verse many times greater than that contained in the "Light of Asia." Consulting that concordance, I find that the common adjective "bright" is reported as occurring in the whole body of his poetry, the "Princess," the "In Memoriam," the "Idylls," and all the lesser pieces, twenty-eight times against twenty-four times in the "Light of Asia" alone; "soft," twice in all Tennyson against twenty-four times in the "Light of Asia;" "tender," seven times in Tennyson against thirteen times in the "Light of Asia," and so forth.

The explanation of these contrasts is very simple. Mr. Arnold deals in stock conceptions, and so stock words, especially stock adjectives, answer his purposes. Milton and Tennyson, on the other hand, have individual conceptions, conceptions differentiated according to the new occasions respectively arising, and these well-defined conceptions need, not stock words, but descriptive words, fitted to them with curious felicity, for their expression. For this reason, any good reader of Milton or of Tennyson will be able often, on challenge, to recall the line, or the connection, in which, for instance, some given, perhaps quite common, adjective occurs. The worn and common word becomes fresh—as if new-made—in a great master's use. Mr. Arnold, on the contrary, only rubs the trite word more trite in using it. He does not handle it carefully, does not set it in a new light. It is the same old word—so much older now, issuing from his hands—become too smoothly familiar to carry any distinctive sense. There was no distinctive sense given it to carry. It had no feeling of individual responsibility impressed upon it from the user for a message that it was to deliver. It is naturally lifeless therefore, and therefore naturally it delivers no message. Such is nearly everywhere the spiritless aspect and behavior of Mr. Arnold's words. He uses words much as those young ladies do, with whom all things indifferently are, on the one hand, "lovely," "splendid," and so forth, or, on the other hand, "perfectly horrid." Let us make further study of his diction.

He is describing an encounter of Buddha in the street with "an old, old man." "His dim orbs blear with rheum," is one of the descriptive phrases used. "Blear" itself, without accompanying clause, means, as the dictionaries show, "dim with rheum." To say, then,

"his dim orbs blear," is to say "his dim orbs dim with rheum." Now add, as Mr. Arnold does, "with rheum" to that, and you have it stated that it was "with rheum that his dim orbs were dim with rheum,"—a statement which, however overloaded, would seem exceedingly probable.

In the luxurious picture of Gautama's pleasure-house with its multitude of queens asleep, this occurs:

> ". . . their glossy hair
> * * * * * *
> In black waves down the shapely *nape and neck*."

"Nape" is defined, in the dictionaries, to be the "back of the neck." It was therefore down the "back of the neck and—neck," that the hair flowed.

It would be quite endless to exhibit the solecisms and other faults in diction that swarm upon this poem. Let us stop abruptly here, and turn to something else. We will allow ourselves to abandon strict analysis and be for a time as miscellaneous as we please.

There is in the first book of the poem a curious story, for aught that I have discovered original with our poet, about Gautama's boyhood, designed, apparently, to illustrate the "sweetness and light" of his character. The princely lad seeing once a wounded swan fall fluttering on the ground, took it tenderly on his "lap," calmed it, soothed it, plucked out the arrow still infixed, and healed the hurt. The little fellow—that is, the little prince—then toyed with the "arrow's barb,"—the "arrow's point" would antecedently have seemed more probable—and the bright idea occurred to him that he would see how the sharp steel that had hurt the swan so would feel in his own flesh. He seems to have selected his wrist as an appropriate part to make his experiment upon, and

really he had the extreme quickness of wit to "wince" when he felt the steel-point "sting." This experience is represented by Mr. Arnold as the first occasion of Gautama's knowing pain, the cause, or the sensation. He was, it appears then, as susceptible to pain as children in general. But he had never, for example, bumped his head, or got pricked with a pin! Now take the representation contained in this little figment of Mr. Arnold's fancy, and try construing it to your common-sense. Gautama sees the swan suffer, he knows what makes it suffer, and he relieves it—yet, "curiously,"

> " . . . all so little knew the boy of pain,"

he thrusts the steel barb just drawn from the wing of the swan into his own wrist, and "winces" to feel it "sting"! Certainly this is an exhibition of precocity on the part of young Gautama, every way worthy to be—invented by Mr. Arnold. It yields such a pretty impression of Gautama's promise as a juvenile savior!

> "And Devadatta, cousin of the prince,
> Pointed his *bow*, and loosed a wilful *shaft*
> Which found the wide *wing* of the foremost *swan*
> Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue *road*,
> So that *it* fell—"

The question here is, was it the "bow," or the "shaft," or the "wing," or the "swan," or the "road," that "fell"?

Again:

> " . . . among the palms
> The tinkle of the rippling water rang,
> And where *it* ran the glad earth 'broidered it
> With balsams and the spears of lemon-grass."

The "tinkle" "rang"—a thing so out of the common

for "tinkle,'' that it deserved noting—and where it "ran" (Mr. Arnold's poetic mood teems so with music that rhymes and jingles roll out from him of their own accord), "the glad earth 'broidered it with balsams and the spears of lemon-grass.'' Well, it has never happened to me to see tinkle running, and I have never seen tinkle "'broidered," much less tinkle 'broidered while running, ('broidery under such circumstances ought to be a rather nice trick,) but I do not know why, if running tinkle were to be 'broidered at all, it might not as well be 'broidered with balsams and the spears of lemon-grass as with anything. The effect of such "'broidery" might, I should say, be quite unique.

In the same passage, elaborately descriptive of rural life, from which the foregoing citation is taken, we find a very ambitious account of a kind of ploughing-match :

> "All up and down the rich red loam, the steers
> Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke
> Dragging the ploughs ; the fat soil rose and rolled
> In smooth dark waves back from the plough ; who drove
> Planted both feet upon the leaping share
> To make the furrow deep."

Now, this has no doubt made the impression upon many hasty readers of being good description. And there are here, it need not be denied, some separate graphic strokes that answer their descriptive purpose very well. But consider the scene as a vision of the imagination. It is the office of the imagination to conceive a whole, great or small, as a whole, and then so to order the details which fill it out that they shall all be mutually consistent. Without such exercise of the imagination, on a writer's part, there can be no really good description. The soil ploughed is described as "rich red loam." "Loam" is an earthy mould yielding

easily and evenly to the ploughshare. With this conception agrees the language, "the fat soil rose and rolled in smooth dark waves back from the plough"—by the way, an excellent stroke of description—but with this conception is utterly and irreconcilably at war the word "leaping," in what follows: "Who drove planted both feet upon the *leaping* share." The ploughshare would move steadily and equably through such a soil as that described. It would not "leap." There would be nothing to make it "leap." However swiftly it might move, it would, as to direction up and down, move uniformly. What makes a ploughshare "leap" in moving, is some obstruction, like a root or a stone, encountered in its course. Then, however, it would require a degree of swiftness in the motion to make "leaping," used to describe it, other than an extravagant word. Now, anybody that has ever witnessed ploughing done with oxen, knows that it is far from being a matter of delirious speed. Oxen seldom tear along at a madcap rate dragging a plough. I cannot answer for the style of ploughing fashionable in India at the somewhat indeterminate date of Mr. Arnold's narrative. But I should be surprised to learn that the ploughman then *rode* upon his plough, and still more to learn that, if he did so, he planted both his feet upon the "leaping *share*." The beam of the plough would be, as I should guess, decidedly a more natural rest for the feet of the hilarious rider and driver. The share is the blade that divides the soil. An unusual attachment, especially adapted for such a purpose, would be required to render the share of a plough at all eligible as a support to the feet of a man borne "darkly, fearfully afar," after a pair of careering oxen, while these made the gleaming knife "leap" along the smoking furrow.

The simple fact seems to be that Mr. Arnold had it in his heart to write a fine description. He thought he would have the soil "a rich red loam;" that would sound well, and it would produce the general effect of a pleasing fertility. "Steers," "strained," "strong," would furnish alliteration. Spirit would be imparted to an action otherwise tame, if the ploughshare, buried deep in the yielding soil, should "leap." "Leap" therefore it should—for no cause whatever, but solely out of its own jocund and salient mood. Such is Mr. Arnold's dominant idea of fine description; for the present passage is but an exemplification of his prevalent manner in describing.

Now as to the truth in local color belonging to this description of ploughing in India. I quote from Ward's "India and the Hindoos," p. 196:

"The plough used by the farmer consists of two rude sticks, or one if sufficiently crooked, with an iron spike at the end, as a share, which the ploughman guides with one hand, while he uses the other in directing the movements of the cattle; thus making a rut or scratch in the field similar to the movement just beneath the soil of a strong finger. Entering a village at an early hour of the day, you will see the farmer going to his toil, bearing upon his shoulder yoke and plough, which he steadies with one hand, while with the other he holds the rope-reins fastened to his tiny bullocks."

Readers will probably feel that Mr. Arnold's description was somewhat boldly idealized from the actual facts in the case. A discomposing suspicion is unavoidably engendered respecting the trustworthiness of a reporter that regards himself as warranted in dealing thus freely

with the truth of things. It will be curious to compare Mr. Arnold's own probable authority, Mr. R. Spence Hardy. From Mr. Hardy's "Manual of Budhism" (p. 153), an authoritative translation of the Singhalese version of the Buddhist legends, I take the following (there is a kind of bucolic festival in progress, attended and participated in by the king, Gautama's father):

"About a thousand ploughs start at once; of these, "one hundred and eight are made of silver, and the "horns of the bullocks that draw them are tipped "with silver, and adorned with white flowers; but the "plough held by the king is of gold, and the horns "of the bullocks attached are also tipped with gold. "The king takes the handle of the plough in his left "hand, and a golden goad in his right; and the nobles "do the same with their ploughs and goads of silver. The "king makes one furrow, passing from east to west; "the nobles make three; and the rest of the plough-"men then contend with each other who shall perform "their work in the best manner."

No indication here at least of the king's riding with both royal feet planted on the rearing and plunging *share.* Mr. Arnold must, one judges, have exercised his right as poet and transferred to ploughing the privilege enjoyed in these latter days by the happy charioteers of the Johnston Harvester.

(Readers are asked kindly to note that the last preceding extract is printed with quotation-marks at the beginning of every several line. This expedient of typography is adopted uniformly, throughout the present volume, to distinguish passages taken from the *translated* text of

Buddhist literature. Other extracts are quoted simply at the beginning and the end, according to printers' ordinary usage.)

> "Sitting with *knees* crossed, as Lord Buddha sits,"

is one description by Mr. Arnold of Buddha's traditional attitude ;

> "Under a jambu-tree, with *ankles* crossed,"

is another. The representations with which we are all familiar spread the consecrated knees as far apart as possible. It was the exigency of the verse, I suspect, that "crossed" them in the "Light of Asia." Let anybody try the experiment of "sitting [on the ground] with *knees* crossed, as," according to Mr. Arnold, "Lord Buddha sits," and he will find himself necessarily striking an attitude even less picturesque perhaps than the one conventionally attributed to Buddha.

The account of Gautama's meeting with that "old, old man" deserves more admiration than we have yet bestowed upon it. The poor old gentleman was indeed in a sad case :

> "One skinny hand
> Clutched a worn staff to prop his quavering limbs
> And one was pressed upon the *ridge of ribs.*"

Both his hands thus are closely employed, but that, with Mr. Arnold, by no means prevents him from "stretching," at the same time, his "palm" for alms. For, in the same passage, his cough is said to choke him, "but *still* he stretched his palm." One hand holding his crutch to stay his limbs, one hand pressed against his "ridge of ribs," and "still" his "palm" "stretched" ! Pitiable person, he had three hands to suffer from the palsy with ! His third hand he "stretched"— he

"stretched," observe, not "stretched forth." Not "hand" either, but "palm" of the hand. This, we may conjecture, was to make the "palm" as large as possible for receiving alms. The "stretching" operation, by the way, would, for aught I can see, require, to accomplish it, at least one hand, if not two, additional to the three-handed equipment already assigned to the party. Careful consideration, accordingly, gives this afflicted old gentleman, at the smallest reckoning, four hands. These, in his intervals of comparative ease, he could, animated by his palsy, employ in pairs shaking hands with himself with assiduous cordiality. Judicious permutation would secure considerable variety in this solitary social exercise. The manifestly legendary character of the sufferer permits us to indulge such a consolatory reflection. The suggestion even occurs, to be instantly put aside with reprobation, that this may have been a case of unworthy street mendicancy: the sly old rogue was forehanded, and did not need the alms implored. This relief, however, to our sympathy depends upon a pun—and a provincialism—and is to be pronounced illegitimate.

The occasion was a festival display of virgin beauty devised by Gautama's father to entangle his son in the meshes of love:

> "So flocked
> Kapilavastu's maidens to the gate,
> Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,
> Eyelashes lustred with the soorma-stick,
> Fresh-bathed and scented."

It is interesting to know from Mr. Arnold that these Indian damsels, about to present themselves in competition for a prize of beauty, did not neglect their morning toilet. They "newly smoothed and bound their dark

hair,'' a thing, considering the circumstances, certainly very proper for them to do. "Lustred" is a coinage of Mr. Arnold's. But now what was it that was "fresh-bathed and scented"? Was it the "soorma-stick," the "eyelashes," the "hair," the "gate," or the "maidens"? If the "maidens," one can but admire again the prudence of these young ladies in taking their bath that morning, as, one trusts, was their usual daily practice. "Scenting" themselves was a bit of personal pains, on their part, occasional perhaps rather than habitual, and pardonable rather than commendable.

The picture of Yasodhara, the destined wife of Gautama, coming up to the prince to claim her gift, is inconceivably brazen, animal, and disgusting:

> "*Eyes* like a *hind's* in love-time, face so fair
> Words cannot paint its spell; and she alone
> *Gazed* full—folding her palms across her *breasts*—
> On the boy's *gaze*."

She "gazed," it seems, not on Gautama, not on Gautama's features, but on Gautama's "gaze."

Later the young prince competes in athletic contests to win his bride. He subdues a horse untamable by others —"no rider yet had *crossed* him," is Mr. Arnold's way of expressing it. "Crossing" a horse—? One rival of Gautama's "held his seat awhile" on the back of this beast,

> "Lashed the black flank and *shook the bit*, and held
> The proud jaws fast with grasp of master hand.''

Whether these several performances are to be conceived as consecutive to one another in the order named, or simultaneous, I will not venture to decide. If as consecutive, then the rider, first, "held his seat awhile,"

perhaps grasping the mane and tail in his desperate purpose, (there was no saddle to cling to,) secondly, venturing to let go the one or the other, "lashed the black flank," next, "shook the bit," and, finally, seized the animal's jaws with his hands, (this must have employed both hands,) thus completing a very striking series of equestrian manœuvres. But then the manœuvres would have been still more remarkable executed simultaneously—which very likely they were, for, as we have already seen, Mr. Arnold's people are provided with hands to any number desirable. The details present some few minor difficulties to the imagination. "He *shook* the bit." Riders do, I believe, sometimes shake the bridle-reins, but shaking the *bit!* How he managed to shake a bit already in the horse's mouth, I am pleased to say that I think I can explain. The "grasping" of the horse's jaws "with master-hand" must, I judge, have been for the purpose of getting at the "bit" so as to "shake" it in the animal's mouth. Why, however, this singular cavalier should have wished to "shake the bit," remains a deep mystery. It was probably mere and pure demonstration, horsemanship frisking out into wanton pranks, like the gargoyles of gamesome Gothic architecture. Gautama at last went through Mr. Rarey's manual of practice, and fairly conquered the animal.

Gautama, at a later point in Mr. Arnold's narrative, tells how, in a former state of existence, when he and Yasodhara were both tigers, they two became mates. He fought for Yasodhara's—hand, shall we say? no, paw, fought for her paw. She, lovely creature, came, so Gautama relates,

> "Snarling past this and that torn forest-lord
> *Which* I had conquered, and with fawning *jaws*
> *Licked* my quick-heaving flank."

"Jaws" are such pretty things to "fawn" with! And then for the purpose of "licking," what so admirable as "jaws"? The sweet tigress's tongue must have been, with much care on her part, folded up and withdrawn into the posterior chamber of the mouth, not to have interfered instinctively with the "jaws," while these exercised their exclusive privilege of "fawning" and "licking,"—functions more naturally belonging to the organ that in this case practised, as would seem, a singular self-denial.

It will perhaps interest some readers to see what material, for several at least of the foregoing representations, Mr. Arnold could find in Hardy's "Manual of Budhism." I accordingly transfer to these pages an extract from that work, pp. 155–159:

"When the prince attained his sixteenth year, his "father, Sudhódana, sent to Supra-budha, King of "Kóli, to demand in marriage his daughter, Yasódhará-"déwi; but that monarch thought that as Sidhártta "[Gautama] was to become a recluse, his daughter "would soon be left a widow; and he therefore refused "to send her to Kapilawastu. The princess, however, "firmly declared that even if Sidhártta were to become "a recluse on the day after his marriage, there was no "one else in the world to whom she would be united. "When the prince was made acquainted with the oppo-"sition of Supra-budha, and with the reason upon which "it was founded, he said that he had no wish to receive "the kingdom though its rejection would include the "loss of Yasódhará as his wife. But as Sudhódana was "the lord paramount of the Sákya race, he went to Kóli, "and notwithstanding the displeasure of her father, "brought away the princess, with much state. On his

"return to Kapilawastu, after this successful expedition, "he appointed Yasódhará to be the principal queen of "Sidhártta; and placing them upon a mound of silver, "he poured the oil of consecration upon them from "three conches, one of gold, another of silver, and the "third a shell opening to the right hand: after which "he bound upon their heads the royal diadem, and de- "livered over to them the whole of his kingdom. He "then sent to all their relatives on both sides, command- "ing them to bring their princesses, that they might be "the inferior wives of Sidhártta, or remain as attendants "in the private apartments of Yasódhará, but the rela- "tives replied, 'The prince is very delicate; he is also "young; even to this day he has not learnt a single sci- "ence; if hereafter there should be any war, he would "be unable to contend with the enemy; he has not the "means of maintaining our daughters; we cannot, "therefore, consent to send them to one who is so "utterly destitute of every endowment that he ought to "possess.' When the prince heard this, he resolved to "exhibit his real strength; and caused it to be pro- "claimed throughout the city by beat of drum, that "whosoever might be wishful to see his prowess, was "invited to come to the palace in seven days from that "time. On the day appointed, an immense pavilion "was erected, and a vast multitude assembled in the "court of the palace. Surrounded by a countless ret- "inue, and in the presence of 160,000 of his relatives, "he took a bow that required the strength of a thousand "men to bend it; and placing the lower end on the nail "of the great toe of his right foot, without standing up, "he thrummed the string of the bow with his finger nail, "as easily as if it were merely the bow by which cotton "is cleaned. The sound produced by the vibration of

"the string was so loud, that it rolled to the distance of "a thousand yojanas; and terror seized hold upon the "inhabitants of Jambudwípa, as they supposed that it "thundered, though it was not the season of rain. "After this he placed four plantain trees at the corners "of a square, and by one flight of the arrow pierced "them all. Even in the dark he could send the arrow "with so steady an aim as to split a hair from which "anything was suspended. The prince also proved that "he knew perfectly the eighteen silpas, though he had "never had a teacher, and that he was equally well "acquainted with many other sciences. The relatives "were thus convinced by what they saw and heard that "he was no ordinary being; and soon afterwards 40,000 "princesses were sent to remain in the apartments of the "palace.

"Whilst living in the midst of the full enjoyment of "every kind of pleasure, Sidhártta one day commanded "his principal charioteer to prepare his festive chariot; "and in obedience to his commands, four lily-white "horses were yoked. The prince leaped into the "chariot, and proceeded towards a garden at a little dis-"tance from the palace, attended by a great retinue. "On his way he saw a decrepid old man, with broken "teeth, gray locks, and a form bending towards the "ground, his trembling steps supported by a staff, as he "slowly proceeded along the road. The déwas [divini-"ties] had seen that the time was now approaching when "he was to become Budha, and it was one of their num-"ber who had assumed the appearance that was pre-"sented to the prince; but it was seen only by himself "and the charioteer. The prince inquired what strange "figure it was that he saw; and he was informed that it "was an old man. He then asked if he was born so, and

" the charioteer answered that he was not, as he was once " young like themselves. 'Are there,' said the prince, " 'many such beings in the world?' 'Your high- " ness,' said the charioteer, 'there are many.' The " prince again inquired, 'Shall I become thus old and " decrepit?' and he was told that it was a state at which " all beings must arrive. It was by the aid of the déwas " that the charioteer was enabled thus pertinently to an- " swer. The prince now saw that life is not to be de- " sired, if all must thus decay; and he therefore pro- " ceeded no further towards the garden, but returned to " the palace. When Sudhódana saw him, he inquired " why he had returned so soon; and the prince informed " him that he had seen an old man, which had made him " resolve to become an ascetic; but the king conjured " him to put away thoughts like these, and enjoy him- " self with the princesses of the palace; and to prevent " him from carrying his resolution into effect, he placed " an additional number of guards, extending to the dis- " tance of eight miles round the city.

" Four months after this event, as Sidhártta was one " day passing along the same path, he saw a déwa under " the appearance of a leper, full of sores, with a body " like a water-vessel, and legs like the pestle for pound- " ing rice; and when he learnt from the charioteer what " it was that he saw, he became agitated, and returned " at once to the palace. The king noticed with sorrow " what had occurred, and extended the guards to the " distance of twelve miles round the city.

" After the lapse of another period of four months, " the prince, on his way to the garden, saw a dead body, " green with putridity, with worms creeping out of the " nine apertures, when a similar conversation took place " with the charioteer, followed by the same consequence.

"The king now placed guards to the distance of sixteen "miles.

"There are some Budhas that appear when the age of "man is immensely long, and in such instances the space "of one hundred years elapses between these appear- "ances. At the end of the next four months, on the "day of the full moon, in the month Æsala, Sidhártta "saw in the same road a recluse, clad in a becoming "manner, not looking further before him than the dis- "tance of a yoke, and presenting an appearance that in- "dicated much inward tranquillity. When informed by "the charioteer whom it was that he saw, he learnt with "much satisfaction that by this means successive exist- "ence might be overcome, and ordered him to drive on "towards the garden. That day he sported in the water, "put on his gayest apparel, and remained until the going "down of the sun. The nobles brought the 64 different "kinds of ornaments that are required in the complete "investiture of a king, and a vast retinue of courtiers "ministered to his pleasure. The throne of Sekra now "became warm, and when he looked to discover what "was the reason, he saw that it was the hour of the "array of Bódhisat [a being destined to become Buddh]. "He therefore called Wiswakarmma, and at his com- "mand that déwá came to the garden in a moment of "time, and arrayed Sidhártta in a celestial robe, more "beautiful than all his previous magnificence. The "prince knew that he was a déwá, and not a man, and "allowed himself to be enveloped in the robe. It was "of so fine a texture, that when folded it did not fill the "hand, and was indeed no larger than a sesamum flower; "yet when opened out, it was 192 miles in length. It "was thrown round his body in a thousand folds, and a "crown of sparkling gems was placed upon his head;

"the musicians were animated to play upon their instru-
"ments in the most perfect time; and the attendant
"brahmans chaunted the song of victory; after which
"the prince ascended his chariot, that he might return
"to the palace."

The perfectly serene absurdity of exaggeration that characterizes the foregoing extract from the translated text of the Buddhist legends, will give readers but a very inadequate idea of the sense of utter release, not only from obligation to be true, but even from obligation to be probable, that pervades the whole portentous mass of these Eastern myths. There is in what precedes a certain repose of hyperbole that produces an almost poetic effect. For my own part, I like the original itself better than I like Mr. Arnold's version of the original. I find more simplicity, more self-consistency, more of the quietness of power, in the antique than in the modern.

Perhaps my readers would be glad of the opportunity to judge, in one instance more, what addition of beauty Mr. Arnold's skill of workmanship imparts to the material for the "Light of Asia" already existing to the English poet's hand in the legendary literature of Buddhism. Mr. Arnold describes the phenomena that attended the earthly advent of Gautama Buddha, as follows:

"That night the wife of King Suddhôdana,
Maya the queen, asleep beside her lord,
Dreamed a strange dream; dreamed that a star from heaven—
Splendid, six-rayed, in color rosy-pearl,
Whereof the token was an elephant
Six-tusked and whiter than Vahuka's milk—
Shot through the void and, shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,
Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast,

And over half the earth a lovely light
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook ; the waves
Sank lulled ; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'twere high noon ; down to the farthest hells
Passed the queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced. 'Oh ye,' it said,
'The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!'
Whereat in Limbos numberless much peace
Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind blew
With unknown freshness over lands and seas.
And when the morning dawned, and this was told,
The gray dream-readers said 'The dream is good!
The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun ;
The queen shall bear a boy, a holy child
Of wondrous wisdom, profiting all flesh,
Who shall deliver men from ignorance,
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule.'"

From Bishop Bigandet's "Life or Legend of Gautama, the Buddha of the Burmese," I take the following :

"A light of an incomparable brightness illuminated "suddenly ten thousand worlds ; the blind, desirous, as "it were, to contemplate the glorious dignity of Phra-"laong, recovered their sight ; the deaf heard distinctly "every sound ; the dumb spoke with fluency ; those "whose bodies were bent stood up in an erect position ; "the lame walked with ease and swiftness ; prisoners "saw their fetters unloosed, and found themselves re-"stored to liberty, the fires of hell were extinguished ; "the ravenous cravings of the Pruthas were satiated ; "animals were exempt from all infirmities ; all rational "beings uttered but words of peace, and mutual benev-"olence ; horses exhibited signs of an excessive joy ; "elephants, with a solemn and deep voice, expressed

"their contentment; musical instruments resounded of "themselves with the most melodious harmony; gold "and silver ornaments worn at the arms and feet, without coming in contact, emitted pleasing sounds; all "places became suddenly filled with a resplendent light; "refreshing breezes blew gently all over the earth; "abundant rain poured from the skies during the hot "season, and springs of cool water burst out in every "place, carrying through prepared beds their gently "murmuring streams; birds of the air stood still, forgetting their usual flight; rivers suspended their "course, seized with a mighty astonishment; sea water "became fresh; the five sorts of lilies were to be seen "in every direction; every description of flowers burst "open, displaying the richness of their brilliant colors; "from the branches of all trees, and the bosom of the "hardest rocks, flowers shot forth, exhibiting all around "the most glowing, dazzling, and varied hues; lilies, "seemingly rooted in the canopy of the skies, hung "down, scattering their embalmed fragrance; showers of "flowers poured from the firmament on the surface of "the earth; the musical tunes of the Nats were heard "by the rejoiced inhabitants of our globe; hundred "thousands of worlds suddenly approached each other, "sometimes in the shape of an elegant nosegay, sometimes in that of a ball of flowers, or of a spheroid; the "choicest essences embalmed the whole atmosphere that "encompasses this world. Such are the wonders that "took place at the time Phralaong entered his mother's "womb."

Whichever shall be thought finer, Mr. Arnold or his Indian original, Buddhist legends, it certainly will be agreed, do better for poetry than they do for religion.

IV.

We laughed at Mr. Arnold in the immediately foregoing part of this essay, through a number of successive pages. There is "inextinguishable laughter," the matter of it, still left treasured up in the poem. But I may already have made a mistake. Readers will perhaps think that I have been indulging an improper levity. I, for my part, candidly think that my levity is just precisely proper. The "Light of Asia," considered as literature, is not worthy of graver treatment. As regards Mr. Arnold himself, I cannot therefore accuse myself of indecorum. It is easier, however, to transgress the bounds of becoming respect toward Mr. Arnold's admirers, especially those of them who have committed themselves to expressions of praise in print. I accordingly check myself. I stop laughing and become as honestly serious as under the circumstances I can. Here, for instance, is the *Contemporary Review* furnishing me reason for gravity. It says this of Mr. Arnold:

"That a gentleman so preoccupied should find time to write an epic poem on one of the most difficult themes that ever exercised poetic ingenuity, is surprising enough. Even more strange, however, is the fact that he quite succeeds in escaping what we are perhaps justified in calling the taint of his occupation. . . . There is between the literature of every morning and the literature of Mr. Arnold's fine poem a whole world of separation."

How accurately wrong the complaisance of this writer tempts him to be! Complaisance it is that here exhibits itself rather than defect of critical insight—so I judge by the *tone* of the whole appreciation.

But now that I have shown my readers this specimen of what has been said on the side opposite to my own regarding Mr. Arnold's poetry, I may as well go on and show them several specimens more. To do so will serve two useful purposes. It will be fair toward Mr. Arnold; and it will at the same time prove that existing at least in the current state of critical opinion on the subject, if not in the intrinsic quality of the poetry criticised, there was reason enough for the publication of an essay like the present.

Almost while I am writing this sentence, I chance upon a paragraph of literary news to the effect that in India two versions of the "Light of Asia" are promised, one, I believe, in Bengalee, (but perhaps I am wrong,) and the other in Sanscrit. In our own favored land, a "birthday book" is announced, to be made up of choice extracts from Mr. Arnold's verse. In England, there is preparing, so it is said, for luxurious admirers and buyers of the "Light of Asia," a sumptuous illustrated edition of that lucky work. In view of indications such as these, and such as are here still further to be displayed, of the present popular acceptance of Mr. Arnold's poem, some readers may indeed tax me with temerity in doing what I now do, but none surely will say that I waste breath in cudgelling a man of straw. I subjoin a few additional specimens of notable critical expression contrary to my own concerning the literary merit of a production which, formidably praised as it may appear to be, I nevertheless pluck up courage to speak of freely with cheerful disrespect.

In the *International Review* for October, 1879, no less weighty an authority than Oliver Wendell Holmes has a leading article of imposing length lauding the "Light of Asia" in terms of which the following sample sentences will afford but a very moderate idea:

"It is a work of great beauty. It tells a story of intense interest which never flags for a moment; its descriptions are drawn by the hand of a master, with the eye of a poet and the familiarity of an expert with the objects described; its tone is so lofty that there is nothing with which to compare it but the New Testament; it is full of variety, now picturesque, now pathetic, now rising into the noblest realms of thought and aspiration, it finds language penetrating, fluent, elevated, impassioned, musical always, to clothe its varied thoughts and sentiments."

Dr. Holmes further speaks of the poem as a "noble epic added to English literature." He refers to the rapidity with which this "most finished performance" was produced. He staggers you by saying, with the happiest antithesis to truth:

"To lay down this poem and take up a book of popular rhymes is like stepping from the carpet of a Persian palace upon the small tradesman's Kidderminster."

With apparently unintentional frankness, Dr. Holmes, however, furnishes us the necessary co-efficient of discount to be applied to his praises. He tells us that Mr. William Henry Channing sent him a copy of the book with a letter commending it highly, and adds that Mr. Channing was his classmate at college. He does not add, what I learn to be true, that Mr. William Henry Chan-

ning is father-in-law to Mr. Arnold. The generous spirit of comradeship toward a fellow-student, we may imagine to have bribed the insight of Dr. Holmes to be willingly a little blind in judging a literary work to which that fellow-student had naturally so vital a relation.

The *New Englander* for March, 1880, says of the "Light of Asia":

"It will not be strange if the book takes hold of the present and of a long future, by a creative power of thought, which is the imagination of the inspired poets."

As respectfully, in the face of these and like contrary expressions, as I can, I say again that the "Light of Asia" is, for its literary merits, not worthy of being criticised otherwise than mirthfully. With perfectly light-hearted confidence, I dismiss Mr. Arnold's poetry to that limbo of things "transitory and vain" to which, by its own irrepressible inherent levitation it seems to me manifestly to aspire.

SECOND PART.

I.

In a mood somewhat different from that which properly, as I maintain, has controlled the preceding pages, I go on from considering the literary, to consider points no longer literary, in Mr. Arnold's "Light of Asia." In short, I invite my readers to pass from examining the poem as literature to examining it as representation of fact—fact in biography and fact in doctrinal exposition. Who knows but it may turn out that the "Light of Asia" makes up in truth what it lacks in poetry?

Before making the proposed transition, however, it will be well—it perhaps is needful—to point out that the assays herein presented of Mr. Arnold's literary quality, although they have been presented with a degree of lightness in manner, have yet been presented with entire candor in spirit. I have done Mr. Arnold no wrong. He is what he is here represented to be. The things that I have offered in specimen, are fairly so offered. I leave behind, untouched, store of things in the poem as egregious as the most of those which I have brought forward to view.

I should not have treated Mr. Arnold's poetry in criticism at all, if his poetry had been simply rather bad, and had been generally thought to be simply rather good. It is because Mr. Arnold's poetry has been thought very good, being in fact very bad, that I have been led to pay it the present attention. I should have liked to praise it more, while I blamed it, for that course would have

seemed more candid. But it would really have been less candid, for I believe in my heart that I have praised it as much as it deserves.

A friend asks me, Could you not glean out of any poet's work, out of Tennyson's, for instance, faults equally capable of being set up for laughing-stocks to the public? No, I promptly reply, I could not. Tennyson is a true poet. Slips he makes now and then, but he is not spurious through and through, like this writer. It is no mere trial of wit, the present criticism, to make a poet ridiculous. I do not make Mr. Arnold ridiculous. Mr. Arnold makes himself ridiculous. I simply give him a chance to show himself such as he is,—to a little better advantage. Let every reader fully understand, I have meant to be, and I have been, as just and candid in spirit, as I may have been jaunty and rallying in manner. I would not for the world make unfair game of any man. I believe in considerate and careful justice. I should be ashamed of myself to attempt presenting in a ludicrous light that which is not in itself suitable subject of laughter. The true way to treat the "Light of Asia" is to laugh at it. That is, when you treat it on the ground of literary merit alone. On that ground, the "Light of Asia" is, for the most part, just a broad joke from beginning to end. Regarding it as literature you may simply grin at it, and do so with perfect complacency of conscience. You are doing quite the right thing—unless once in a while it may be your duty to press your two hands firmly against your two "ridges of ribs" and, so fortified, deliver yourself to unrestrained explosions of laughter.

I say, regarding it as literature, you may behave yourself thus. But regarding it as a setting forth of Buddhist history and Buddhist doctrine, you are bound

to behave yourself differently. You must now be serious indeed. I bring against the "Light of Asia" the general accusation that, whether with intention or not, on the part of the author, it represents Buddhism untruly. I do not mean merely that it idealizes Buddhism. This a poet might fairly be entitled to do. But the "Light of Asia" does more than idealize Buddhism—more, and other. It would be according to the privilege of a poet to take, for instance, Buddhism, and present it better than it is—*if* this be done in a certain way, and in obedience to a certain law. *You must idealize along the line prescribed by the actual nature of the system.* The system must not change its essential character. It must remain itself, though it may become itself purged of defect and heightened in merit. But what I charge is, that Mr. Arnold has not been loyal to this obvious law of just idealization. He has transgressed the law. He has consciously or unconsciously practised sleight of hand, and given us a supposititious something, that is not Buddhism at all, either as actually existing, or as idealized from itself. In short, he has been untrue to the central truth of things.

I repeat, I do not say purposely untrue. I have no right to say that. I will not pretend to explore Mr. Arnold's ultimate motives. I take what is indisputable. I take the "Light of Asia" as it is. I raise no question how it became such. That is a matter of much concern indeed to Mr. Arnold himself, whether or not to anybody besides him very momentous, but, in either case, quite beyond the province of a fellow-man to determine. To the common Judge of all of us—his own Master and ours alike, confessed such by us or not—he shall for me be left to stand or fall. With Mr. Arnold's motive in his work, then, let us have nothing whatever

to do, but confine ourselves strictly and only to the work itself as we find it.

Buddhism may be regarded as, in Mr. Arnold's representation, made up of two factors—Buddha the man, and Buddha's teaching. Of these two factors, the personal one—the man Buddha—is far the more important. It signifies far less what Buddha taught, than what Buddha was. If Buddha was such as Mr. Arnold represents him to have been, or rather—for we must make the distinction—such as Mr. Arnold evidently meant to represent him to be, then what Buddha taught demands attention from us. Otherwise, hardly—except such languid attention as we give to matters of mere speculation and history having no possible practical relation to any of our interests. Was Buddha what Mr. Arnold would have us understand him to have been?

Mr. Arnold would have us understand that Buddha was born a great prince (we need not press the prodigies that attended the prince's birth—these, even in the poem, do not have the air of sober history, being herein sharply differenced from the New Testament story of the birth of Jesus), that he lived in purity a life of luxurious ease, loving his wife with a love like the purified love of a Christian husband, that, against special temptation, felt at the moment, to continue this course of selfish enjoyment, he, on a memorable occasion, performed a great act of renunciation, giving up everything that was dear to him, in order, by a long series of incredible self-denials and hardships, to become Buddh, and so save the world. Such is the representation. Now, what are the facts? Well, the facts assuredly are by no means easy to ascertain. We might fairly content ourselves with alleging against Mr. Arnold that he makes the impression of having a right to march firmly, where

in fact the ground he treads trembles, at every step, under his feet.

On the question, for instance, of the historical reality of Buddha—the question, that is to say, whether such a person as Buddha ever in fact existed—the highest authorities in matters of Indian learning, are hopelessly divided. It *is*, in its nature, a question as to which, at least in any Occidental breast, no wish that should bias the judgment either on the one side or on the other, need arise. An historical personage, or an ideal conception, merely, of the human mind, Buddha, with his legend wild or sober, with his teaching bad or good, is in the world, the product, the authentic product, equally in either case, of Indian civilization. If Buddha once really lived, why India is to be credited with him; if he never really lived, but was only imagined, he was certainly imagined by India, and still India is to be credited with him. There is therefore nothing to create a prejudice in the Western mind either for or against the historical reality of Buddha. We might approach the problem to solve it, were it our ambition to solve it, without prejudice to warp us either this way or that.

Mr. R. Spence Hardy, acknowledged to be an authority in Indian learning not second to any, expresses himself as follows upon the point of Buddha's actual existence; I quote from his "Legends and Theories of the Buddhists," p. 187:

"In the preceding pages, I have spoken of Buddha as a real personage; I have attributed to an individual words and acts, and have regarded the words and acts recorded in the Pitakas as said and done by that individual; but in this I have used the language of the Buddhist, and not that of my own conviction or belief. I

will not say that I think no such person as Sákya Singha ever existed; but I affirm that we cannot know anything about him with certainty; and that, as it is not possible to separate the myth from the truth, we cannot rely implicitly on any one statement that is made in relation to him, either in the Text or Commentary. There is doubt as to his birthplace, his race, and the age in which he lived; and in a still greater degree, about almost every other event connected with his history. There are a few things said about him that we might believe, because they are such as are common to man; but even upon these we cannot look without suspicion from the overcrowding of the page that records them with the most glaring untruths; and whether Gótama, prince and philosopher, ever existed or not, we are quite certain that the Gótama Buddha of the Pitakas is an imaginary being, and never did exist."

Mr. Hardy, in the foregoing extract, presents on the subject of Buddha's historical reality the view to which on the whole enlightened critical opinion now inclines. But this is a fashion merely, which the next age may see fit to change. No fault is to be found with Mr. Arnold for building his poem upon the hypothesis that Buddha was an historical person. But fault may justly be found with him if he makes out his hero to be an historical person with a history essentially different from that which the native legends attribute to Buddha. And this I find that Mr. Arnold does. His offence is therefore heavier than the offence of going beyond his evidence. It is not simply beyond his evidence, it is against his evidence, that he goes. He ostensibly gives us Buddha, as a Buddhist votary conceives him. What if he departs, in important points, from the general consent of Buddh-

ist legends? Will not his work be in so far essentially false?

For example, and the example is capital in importance, Mr. Arnold applies every resource of his rhetoric in describing the tenderness of the relation represented by him to subsist between Gautama and his wife. He even, in such description, permits himself a license of sensuousness that is saved to you from the grossness of sensuality, only as you make a huge allowance to the writer on the score of his dealing with an Oriental theme. Again and again, while you read, you are forced to use your very strongest timely recollection of extraordinary privilege belonging to the poet, in order to choke down an almost irrepressibly rising nausea and qualm of instinctive disgust, both at the ideas expressed, and at the language employed to express the ideas. Still, you feel all the time that the intention of Mr. Arnold, however ill achieved, is to portray to readers a conjugal relation between Gautama and his wife wholly sweet and pure, like the conjugal relation conceived by Paul in such a way as to be deemed by him worthy to stand for figure of the nuptial bond between Christ and His Church. Gautama is, according to Mr. Arnold himself, furnished with a countless harem of beautiful women, among whom he delights himself at will, and yet he is presented to us as loving his wife and queen with the kind of elevated and exclusive affection that, under such conditions, we all know is, in the very nature of things, impossible. No man with ten thousand concubines, more or less—forty thousand is the legendary number—ever loved any one woman, as Mr. Arnold would lead us to believe Gautama loved his queen. (Or is the "very much" married Turkish Sultan sadly misunderstood among us in this

part of the world? And the patriarch of Mormondom?) No, the affection between Gautama and Yasodhara is all the figment of the English poet's fancy. This the poet himself amply supplies us with reason for believing. The conditions of life in which he places the prince, preclude all possibility of such love between the prince and his wife as, through page after page of the poem, he elaborately, with futile elaboration, portrays. It is another case of utterly inharmonious, impossible conception on the part of Mr. Arnold. He has ineffectually attempted to force together two ideas that refuse to be wedded in thought—namely, pure conjugal love and a countless concubinage.

So much might, from within the poem itself, legitimately be inferred to confute the representation of the poem. But we may go outside the poem to the sources from which the materials of the poem were drawn. Now who, that has got his ideas on the subject exclusively from the "Light of Asia," would guess that in all the legends of Gautama which Mr. Spence Hardy copiously translates from the Singhalese version of the original text, there is absolutely no hint or trace of that singular absorbing love between Gautama and his wife, made by Mr. Arnold to be such a salient feature in his work? The very word "love" is conspicuously rare on all Mr. Hardy's pages, and the thing love is no more familiar than the word. Barely once, I find mentioned the idea of kindred love on the part of Gautama. In that single case, the love spoken of is not for his wife, but for his infant son. On p. 159 of Mr. Hardy's book, it is told how at the birth of Gautama's son the father intimated that now "something proper for him to *love* was born." This, I repeat, is actually the sole mention of kindred "love" in Gautama, on which I light in all the

pages of Mr. Arnold's authority. As to Gautama's regard for his wife, represented by Mr. Arnold to have played so striking a part in Gautama's great renunciation, the only, quite the only, even indirect, hint in the original documents of this is contained in the statement that, when Gautama, on the eve of forsaking his queen, visited her chamber, (what for? to have a pleasant word with her, or at least a farewell look at her? not at all; "in order that he might see his *son*") he refrained from taking up his boy lest the mother should wake and speak to him, "which might shake his resolution."

Mr. Arnold:

> "I lay aside my youth,
> My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
> My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet queen!
> Harder to put aside than all the rest!
> * * * * * * *
> So with his brow he touched her feet, and bent
> The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,
> Upon her sleeping face, still wet with tears;
> And thrice around the bed in reverence,
> As though it were an altar, softly stepped,
> With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart,
> 'For never,' spake he, 'lie I there again!'
> And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,
> So strong her beauty was, so large his love."

Thus Mr. Arnold.

Now the legend:

"He thought, 'I can see my *child* after I become "Budha; were I, from *parental* affection, to endanger "the reception of the Budhaship, how could the various "orders of being be released from the sorrows of ex- "istence?'"—Hardy's "Manual of Budhism," p. 162.

I have somewhat carefully scanned Mr. Hardy's pages,

and I have tried here to give all the foundation supplied to Mr. Arnold in the original legends for the pretentious rhetorical fabric that he rears to the glorification of Gautama's love as a husband. Can any one fail to see that Mr. Arnold's poem is, in this particular at any rate, not properly idealization of Buddhism, but, instead, utter falsification of Buddhism? Buddhism, whether sought in Buddha's life, or in Buddha's doctrine, knows nothing of love on the part of a husband like that which Mr. Arnold fulsomely attributes to Buddha as by him entertained for his wife. Such love is not at home in the Buddhist system. It is out of place there. It is an intrusion. It is forced and foisted in from elsewhere. To make more plain the immensity of this falsification, I have had count taken of the recurrences of the word "love" in Mr. Arnold's poem. On an average, that single word, apart from inflected forms of it, occurs about once in every forty lines throughout the "Light of Asia." Indeed, the whole poem is fairly love-sick. And the original legends do not *once* even mention the idea of proper conjugal love! Is not the perversion monstrous, incredible?

Although Mr. Arnold does indeed describe the voluptuous life of Gautama with his innumerable concubines, he still describes it in a way to slur over the grossness and sensuality inextricably implied. You are led almost to forget but that the blameless prince is living among these lovely women, innocently, like a child among so many dolls. The horrid animalism of such a life is smothered with rhetoric, like a festering corpse covered over with flowers. By the hand of sober history, the glozing veil is withdrawn. I quote from the "History of India," by J. Talboys Wheeler a work which cannot be suspected of Christian jealousy as toward Buddhism, which

in truth treats Buddhism with sympathy. Mr. Wheeler, p. 106, says: "It may be inferred that at this period of his life [early manhood after marriage] he [Gautama] plunged into every kind of pleasure, until at last he was oppressed with satiety and his old melancholy began to return."

Mr. Wheeler subjoins a significant note:

"The sensuality indicated in the text is almost incredible. It is, however, quite in accordance with Kshatriya usages. A custom somewhat similar has always prevailed among the Kshatriya sovereigns of Burma, varying of course with the character and temperament of the reigning king. Bhodan-pra, who reigned A.D. 1781-1819 over the whole Burman empire, from the Bay of Bengal to the Chinese frontier, was unbounded in his zenana indulgences. Every governor and feudatory was expected to send his fairest daughter or sister to serve in the palace as an attendant, or Royal Virgin. If any such damsel obtained the favor of the king, she was elevated to the position of an inferior queen, and provided with a separate apartment and slaves for her own use."

The fact, then, probably was that this prince, represented by Mr. Arnold to have been blameless from his birth, was already in early youth an exhausted voluptuary. He "felt the fulness of satiety." When he became an ascetic, the renunciation was with him a reaction of disgust. He went from pleasures of which he had tired, and not from pleasures that he was still freshly capable of enjoying. Mr. Arnold's overcharged sensuous account of the prince's visit, at the crisis of his purposed renunciation, to his house of licentious pleasure, and of his finding there that population of sleeping queens, in

full display, to the young princely proprietor, of every charm that could appeal to the animal appetite of man—this, regarded in the light of mere description, is not simply a piece of bad morals and bad taste on the part of the poet ; beyond that, it is sheer falsification of history. Mr. Arnold makes it for himself an evident trial of strength and skill to portray those fair young creatures of Gautama's lust, as sleeping in the unconscious beauty and charm of paradisaical innocence and love. All *that* temptation Gautama was to resist in achieving his self-sacrifice. Now, the legend says expressly the contrary of this. I cite presently the text of the legend. But first Mr. Arnold himself :

"Within—
Where the moon glittered through the lace-worked stone,
Lighting the walls of pearl-shell and the floors
Paved with veined marble—softly fell her beams
On such rare company of Indian girls,
It seemed some chamber sweet in Paradise
Where Devis rested. All the chosen ones
Of Prince Siddârtha's pleasure-home were there,
The brightest and most faithful of the court,
Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep,
That you had said, 'This is the pearl of all!'
Save that beside her or beyond her lay
Fairer and fairer, till the pleasured gaze
Roamed o'er that feast of beauty as it roams
From gem to gem in some great goldsmith-work,
Caught by each color till the next is seen.
With careless grace they lay, their soft brown limbs
Part hidden, part revealed ; their glossy hair
Bound back with gold or flowers, or flowing loose
In black waves down the shapely nape and neck.
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils,
They slept no wearier than jewelled birds
Which sing and love all day, then under wing
Fold head till morn bids sing and love again.
Lamps of chased silver swinging from the roof
In silver chains, and fed with perfumed oils,

Made with the moonbeam's tender lights and shades,
Whereby were seen the perfect lines of grace,
The bosom's placid heave, the soft stained palms
Drooping or clasped, the faces fair and dark,
The great arched brows, the parted lips, the teeth
Like pearls a merchant picks to make a string,
The satin-lidded eyes, with lashes dropped
Sweeping the delicate cheeks, the rounded wrists,
The smooth small feet with bells and bangles decked,
Tinkling low music where some sleeper moved,
Breaking her smiling dream of some new dance
Praised by the prince, some magic ring to find,
Some fairy love-gift. Here one lay full-length,
Her vina by her cheek, and in its strings
The little fingers still all interlaced—
As when the last notes of her light song played
Those radiant eyes to sleep and sealed her own.
Another slumbered folding in her arms
A desert-antelope, its slender head
Buried with back-sloped horns between her breasts
Soft nestling ; it was eating—when both drowsed—
Red roses, and her loosening hand still held
A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled
Between the deer's lips. Here two friends had dozed
Together, weaving môgra-buds, which bound
Their sister sweetness in a starry chain,
Linking them limb to limb and heart to heart,
One pillowed on the blossoms, one on her.
Another, ere she slept, was stringing stones
To make a necklet—agate, onyx, sard,
Coral, and moonstone—round her wrist it gleamed
A coil of splendid color, while she held,
Unthreaded yet, the bead to close it up
Green turkis, carved with golden gods and scripts.
Lulled by the cadence of the garden stream,
Thus lay they on the clustered carpets, each
A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn
To open and make daylight beautiful.
This was the ante-chamber of the prince ;
But at the purdah's fringe the sweetest slept—
Gunga and Gotami—chief ministers
In that still house of love."

Against this, the original legend, "Manual of Budhism," p. 160 :

"On reaching the palace, Sidhártta reclined upon a "splendid couch, the lamps were filled with perfumed "oil, and lighted, and around him were assembled his "40,000 queens. Some danced before him, whilst others "played upon flutes, harps, and cymbals, and instru-"ments made of the legs of fowls or of animals ; whilst "others again beat the drum, performed various evolu-"tions, and tried in many ways to attract his attention ; "but the prince paid no regard to them, and fell asleep. "The choristers and musicians, seeing that their attempts "to amuse him were of no avail, placed their instruments "under their heads as pillows ; and they too fell asleep. "When Sidhártta awoke, he saw the altered appearance "of the revellers ; some were yawning, the dress of "others was in great confusion, whilst others again were "gnashing their teeth, or crying out in their sleep, or "foaming at the mouth, or restlessly rolling their "bodies and placing themselves in unseemly postures ; "so that the place which a little time previous appeared "like one of the dewa-lokas, now seemed like a charnel-"house. Disgusted with what he saw, and roused to "activity, like a man who is told that his house is on "fire, he rose up from his couch, and resolved to enter "at once upon the discipline it was necessary for him "to pass through before he could become Budha."

I have no disposition to disparage the merit of Gautama. But Gautama was not at all the man that Mr. Arnold describes him. He was *essentially* other. Mr. Arnold clothes Gautama with attributes that the character of Gautama, such as, according to the legends, that

character really was, could never have suggested to the mind. Mr. Arnold, borrowing from Christianity, gives to Buddhism, not so much what idealizes Buddhism, as what makes Buddhism something other than itself.

I must, and I will, resist every temptation to charge Mr. Arnold with bad faith. I shall, therefore, not say that Mr. Arnold with deliberate purpose takes Biblical phrases consecrated to the Christian imagination and to the Christian heart by association with Jesus, and transfers these in application to Gautama, in order to cheat the surprised and bewildered mind into the only half-conscious suspicion that, after all, Jesus was but one in a class, larger or smaller, in which Gautama was another and a peer. This I must not say, and I will not. But I may say, and I will, that if Mr. Arnold had had such a sinister purpose, unconfessed, he could not have chosen a way better adapted than his actual to accomplish it. The unwary and too-trustful reader is even led to suppose that perhaps the scriptures of Buddhism themselves furnish pregnant and pathetic expressions, parallel to those which Mr. Arnold, proudly making prize of them from the Bible, hands over to Buddha. The solemn saying of Simeon to Mary, "A sword shall pierce through thine own soul also," is seized by our author, and, suffering a change in his hands proper to his taste and his genius, is given to the mother of Gautama: "A sword must pierce thy *bowels* for this boy." The awful, "It is finished," of Calvary is similarly changed and similarly transferred—"It is finished, finished"—the transference here being to certain Devas who speak of Buddha's final victory.

The idea of vicariousness is deep-laid in the very constitution of human nature. The idea cannot, therefore, be said to have been surreptitiously brought from the

Bible for association with Buddha. Still, Mr. Arnold's representation of this idea in connection with Buddha is such as it could never have been, had it proceeded from the hand of any man not bred in the atmosphere and light of a Christian civilization. But the contrast is, to the thoughtful mind, far deeper than the resemblance. Gautama, according to the legends, had to toil and suffer in asceticism in order to redeem his own soul. He was himself a sinful man—this, although Mr. Arnold, drawn perhaps beyond his wish or thought, by the analogy of the character of Jesus, fails to make Gautama's sinfulness appear as it should—Gautama was himself a sinful man, and he had his own redemption to work out before he could be redeemer to others. And at last, his office of redeemer to others consisted simply in teaching them a moral code, and in setting them a good example. The toil and the suffering were not related to his redeeming work as means to end. Proper vicariousness, therefore, there was none in Gautama's character or life. The contrast here between Gautama and Jesus is immense. But the unheeding reader is likely not to feel the contrast, in going through Mr. Arnold's representation of the case.

The present examination is but temporarily important during a temporary injurious influence exerted by this absurdly overrated book. I do not seek to be exhaustive. It may briefly be said that the "Light of Asia" is a very untrustworthy authority in Buddhist history and exposition. Probably the great distinctive doctrine of "Nirvana" itself is misapprehended by Mr. Arnold. So accomplished and so profoundly sagacious an Orientalist as Dr. Judson, a man whose business it had been for forty years to understand Buddhism that he might help replace it with Christianity, pronounced it maturely and finally his

judgment that "Nirvana" is nothing more nor less than a euphemism for annihilation. The urbane and polished Orientals would not say of Buddh that he was dead, or that he did not exist; he "reposed," they would pregnantly say. Blank annihilation, boldly self-confessed in frank terms, would not be an attractive prospect wherewith to commend Buddha to people hereabout. Mr. Arnold chooses the unintelligible alternative interpretation—that of an existence without passion of sorrow or of joy, unconscious, changeless, inert, a transcendental state not distinguishable, save in the name you give it, from absolute non-existence. The true antithesis to existence is non-existence, and non-existence, pure annihilation, beyond doubt, the Buddhist Nirvana is. Such, forsooth, the "universal hope" that Buddhism becomes "eternal" by offering to fulfil!

I express myself thus positively on the real meaning of Nirvana in Buddhism, not because I find the weight of authority, though I do, to be on the side I take, but because the translated text of the Buddhist literature, as given by Mr. Hardy, leaves the point, in my judgment, beyond question. I however add one more specialist's opinion on the subject, to satisfy the curiosity of readers. Mr. Monier Williams, a moderate and judicious writer, amply qualified to speak, uses, in his "Modern India and the Indians," p. 255, the following language:

Buddha "was a great reformer of Hinduism; but it is a mistake to suppose that he aimed at an entire abolition of Brahmanism, with the philosophical side of which his system had really much in common. His mission was to abolish caste, to resist sacerdotal tyranny, to preach universal charity and love, and to enjoin self-mortification and self-suppression through perhaps millions of

existences, as the only means of getting rid of the evils of life and self-consciousness by an extinction of all being. He was himself the model of a perfect ascetic. He never claimed to be a god, but only the ideal of that perfection of knowledge and self-subjugation to which every man might attain.

"The Buddha had himself passed through millions of births, and was about to become extinct; but before his own attainment of Nirvana, or annihilation, he was enabled by perfect knowledge of the truth, to reveal to the world the method of obtaining it. He died, and exists no more. He cannot, therefore, be worshipped. His memory only is revered. Temples are erected over his relics, such as a hair or a tooth. The Dathavansa, a history of one of his teeth, has recently been translated from the Pali. In the same manner every man must pass through innumerable existences, rising or falling in the scale, according to his conduct, until he also attains Nirvana, and becomes extinct. The Buddha once pointed to a broom in a corner, which he said had, in a former birth, been a novice who had neglected to be diligent in sweeping out the Assembly Hall.

"In Buddhism, then, there can be no God; and if no God, then no prayer, no clergy, no priests. By 'no God' I mean no real God. Yet action is a kind of God. Action is omnipotent. Action is all-powerful in its effects on future states of being. 'An evil act follows a man through a hundred thousand transmigrations, so does a good act.' By 'no prayer' I mean no real prayer. Yet there are two forms of words (meaning, when translated, 'reverence to the jewel in the lotus,' 'honor to the incomparable Buddha') which repeated or turned in a wheel either once or millions of times, must produce inevitable corresponding results in future existences by the

mere mechanical law of cause and effect. By 'no clergy,' I mean no real clergy. Yet there are monks and ascetics by thousands and thousands, banded together in monasteries, for the better suppression of passion and attainment of extinction. Many of these are religious teachers but not priests.

"Has Buddhism, then, no morality? Yes—a lofty system of universal charity and benevolence. Yet extinction is its ultimate aim. In this respect it is no improvement upon Brahmanism. The more the depths of these two systems are explored, the more clearly do they exhibit themselves in their true light as little better than dreary schemes excogitated by visionary philosophers, in the vain hope of delivering themselves from the evils and troubles of life—from all activity, self-consciousness, and personal existence."

Again, ibid., p. 260, Mr. Williams says:

"Fourthly and lastly, *Buddhism*. What are its means of accomplishing its end? Extinction of being is effected by self-mortification, by profound contemplation, and by abstinence from action. The Buddha himself is extinct. He cannot, therefore, of course be the source of eternal life. Nor can indeed eternal life ever be desired by those whose highest aim is to be blown out like a candle."

II.

Much is said nowadays, in a large way, as if wisely and philosophically, about the underlying mutual resemblances that make the different religions of the world essentially one in fundamental character. But surely, between a religion which, like Buddhism, thus presents extinction of being as the chief human good, and a religion which, like Christianity, presents as the chief human good a conscious and glorious immortality of blessedness, —surely, I say, between two such religions there might, at many inferior points, exist striking features of mutual resemblance, while still, with such and so violent opposition dividing them the one from the other, it would be false and misleading to speak of them as connected by any bond that could properly be called "sympathy." What I take to be the truth about the "sympathy of religions" so far as such sympathy may be supposed to hold between Buddhism and Christianity, is briefly this: Buddhism is partly true and Christianity is wholly true. Of course, then, wherein Buddhism is true, there may exist a "sympathy" (to allow the word—it seems to me a word not very fit to use) between it and Christianity; which is much the same as saying that truth does not become falsehood by being adopted into Buddhism. (The effect of falsehood, however, truth so adopted comes very near indeed to producing.) Wherein Buddhism is false, there is still, it may be admitted, at points a certain fallacious resemblance remaining between it and Christian-

ity. Such remaining resemblance, however, is so far from being "sympathy," that it is antipathy, violent and extreme.

But the resemblance, whatever it be—how account for it? Christianity teaches the being and agency of a devil. The devil is the enemy of all good. The devil counterworks Christianity in every way, with craft and power indefinitely great. One of his ways, I should think, might be to create just the specious and delusive resemblance that is in fact to be recognized as existing between Christianity and any false religion, for instance, Buddhism. This conjecture is confirmed by the fact, for fact it is, that there is resemblance, computably sufficient, and computably not more than sufficient, between Christianity and Buddhism, to be accounted for by the supposition that Buddhism is in part a Satanic travesty of Christianity.

Of course I am very well aware that this is not a suggestion original with myself. I know that, on the contrary, it is a very old idea. I know too that to many minds it seems simply obsolete and ridiculous. Well, I will not assume to dogmatize, or even to philosophize very deeply. I can only judge the devil by what is taught of him in the Bible. There, I am sure, he is represented to be a compound of malicious cunning and malicious power. I am quite clear that if I were myself such a being as this, I should go about my object of defeating Jesus in His attempt to save the world, very much as the devil has in fact gone about that object, if we are at liberty to suppose that the devil has been largely the author of Buddhism. My friends may laugh at me if they will, but in all seriousness I insist that if I can at all divine the devil by myself, nothing in the world is more likely than that this prince of lies has been very busy indeed in getting up Buddhism. Goethe, I believe, once said that he felt

himself potentially capable of committing, under conceivable conditions of circumstance, any crime whatever of which he had ever heard. I grieve to confess that, in some such imaginative way, I discover in myself a considerable degree of instinct to understand the devil's probable method of working to deceive the world. In the most clairvoyant moods of this my hypothetical entrance into our arch-enemy's plans of operation, I have never yet conceived anything else half so well adapted to succeed, on a colossal scale, in baffling the attempt of Christianity to save mankind, as the grand scheme of preoccupying everywhere the ground with false religions speciously resembling the true. I by no means assert this to have been Satan's chosen plan. But I do assert that it would be exactly like him, and I assert moreover that this would very neatly explain the problem that confronts us in our study of the so-called "world-religions."

A Satanic travesty of true religion, Buddhism does indeed, in some of its features, seem to me to be. This theory at any rate, as I have said, accounts in a highly sensible way for the curious coincidences that undeniably exist between Buddhism and Christianity. As to the contrast between the two—if I could incorporate here copious exemplification of the grotesque, the extravagant, the dreary, the inane, figments that make up the substance and mass of the Buddhist books, as represented in Mr. Hardy's scholarly translation, such exemplification alone would be sufficient to satisfy every enlightened and unprejudiced mind concerning the enormous, the measureless, contrast that yawns between these two systems of religion. Buddhism would be seen in the comparison to have unmistakably the character of burlesque and travesty. The sober, real, earnest quality of the Gospel histories, the moderation, in measure and in *tone*, with which the mirac-

ulous is presented, the superhuman self-restraint under which, in all respects, the writers express themselves, the intelligible adaptation of means to ends observable throughout—all these characteristics are such, in antithesis to the characteristics marking the Buddhist legends, that you instinctively feel the difference between the one and the other to be a difference, not in degree, but in kind. So far is the resemblance between the two systems from being such as justly to stagger the faith of the Christian, the difference rather is such as tends to make the Christian's faith more firm. It would be quite like that father of lies who is revealed in the Bible as existent, and as malignantly active against our sinful race, to seek to merge and confound the truth that might save us among a thousand resemblances of error—resemblances of error which, if not adapted quite to command our belief, are at least specious enough to involve everything else along with themselves in a common distrust and doubt. There is also—you perceive it all the time as you read these most mournful among the records of human device—a Mephistophelian strain of festive mockery and scorn, a leer on the face, a scoff in the voice, that compose as inseparable a trace of the devil, in the Buddhist books, as, on the other hand, in the Bible, the grave, faithful, sincere, truth-telling tone furnishes irrefutable evidence of the presence there of the holy and heavenly Spirit of Almighty God. It is service, not of Christ, but of the adversary rather, for any man to blur and obscure the contrast between truth that makes alive, and error that kills. Let us beware how, even unconsciously, or in the fond and vain conceit of harmless literary art, we serve the purposes of the devil and volunteer our feeble strength to countervail the working of that Lord Christ who will not fail nor be discouraged

till He have set judgment in the earth, that Lord Christ for whose law the isles, still waiting, have waited so long. Those who ally themselves with Christ will have, more surely, a longer date of human recollection in the future, than those who trust the preservation of their memory to poems in praise of a fading myth like the myth of the Buddh. How foolish to chant your ode to a meteor of the twilight, when the great sun himself already sits half-risen on the kindled limits of the morning! Your misdirected ode might indeed conceivably live, by a virtue inherent in itself, after the flash that inspired it had faded into darkness. Such will not however be the fortune of the "Light of Asia." That poem cannot live by Buddhism, for Buddhism swiftly perishes; but much more it cannot live by itself, for the quick seed of decay is wrapped up inseparably in it.

That the view thus suggested of the future awaiting Buddhism is not due to mere bigot and zealot blindness, the natural disqualification of a partisan Christian, let the following words, published only a few months ago in a Japanese daily newspaper, (the *Jiji Shimpo*, if you desire the name,) from a native writer, himself apparently Buddhist in sympathy, bear witness—I use the translation furnished in the *Japan Gazette*, Yokohama, August 16, 1884: "We regret to say it is our opinion that Buddhism cannot long hold its ground, and that Christianity must finally prevail throughout all Japan. . . . Buddhism having reached the extreme of decay, in contending with the young, energetic Christianity, is just as if an old man at the point of death should undertake to contend with a lusty young man. Which of them would conquer, a three-year-old child could easily tell."

III.

It does not belong to the plan of the present essay to go into any independent discussion of the merits of Buddhism. Indeed, I do not pretend to knowledge of the system adequate for such a purpose. I have simply made some predatory incursions into a field, that it would require specialist's addiction of a lifetime, and of a long lifetime, thoroughly to explore—the field of Buddhist legend and of Buddhist ethics ; a few such incursions only I have made, bringing off with me thence a small booty of results that, presented here, may help inquisitive and candid readers to reach for themselves a just conclusion as to the general trustworthiness of the representations on the subject of Buddhism expressed or implied in Mr. Arnold's "Light of Asia."

A page or two back I ventured to say that Buddhism seemed to me a system possessing very much the character of a travesty of Christianity. There is resemblance, and there is difference, between the two, of just about the degree, and of just about the kind, that it would be natural to expect, on the hypothesis that a consummately cunning foe to Christianity, like the devil, had had an important part in contriving Buddhism. For putting saliently the points of coincidence between the one and the other, I cannot perhaps do better than enlist the volunteered service of Dr. O. W. Holmes. That skilful literary workman commenced his article on the "Light of Asia," in the *International Review*, with the following remark-

able paragraph. One could not easily imagine anything better adapted to pique the curiosity, not to say stagger the faith, of a simple-hearted Christian reading it and thus making his first acquaintance with the ideas which it contains :

"If one were told that many centuries ago a celestial ray shone into the body of a sleeping woman, as it seemed to her in her dream; that thereupon the advent of a wondrous child was predicted by the soothsayers; that angels appeared at this child's birth; that merchants came from afar, bearing gifts to him; that an ancient recognized the babe as divine and fell at his feet and worshipped him; that in his eighth year the child confounded his teachers with the amount of his knowledge, still showing them due reverence; that he grew up full of compassionate tenderness to all that lived and suffered; that to help his fellow-creatures he sacrificed every worldly prospect and enjoyment; that he went through the ordeal of a terrible temptation, in which all the powers of evil were let loose upon him, and came out a conqueror over them all; that he preached holiness and practised charity; that he gathered disciples and sent out apostles, who spread his doctrine over many lands and peoples; that this 'Helper of the Worlds' could claim a more than earthly lineage and a life that dated from long before Abraham was—of whom would he think this wonderful tale was told? Would he not say at once that this must be another version of the story of One who came upon our earth in a Syrian village, during the reign of Augustus Cæsar, and died by violence during the reign of Tiberius?"

I am not engaged in criticising Dr. Holmes, and so I need not concern myself to point out how much conform-

ing of the Buddhist legend was necessary in order to make out the series of confessedly existing coincidences, in a manner so striking as is exemplified in the foregoing extract. It must at least be evident to readers, that resemblances too marked to be simply casual exist between legendary Buddhism and historical Christianity. A good-sized volume—more than one indeed—has lately been published in Germany, devoted to the purpose of displaying at large the coincidences between Buddhism and Christianity. A disposition evidently indulged by the writer, Rudolf Seydel, to make these coincidences numerous and striking, much impairs the value of the book for students in search of exact truth, truth as to the facts, and truth as to the impression legitimately produced by the facts. How the resemblances actually existing arose, it would be curious, but perhaps not very profitable, at any great length, to inquire. Professor Max Müller, a living Orientalist of unsurpassed reputation, testifies, as I remember an expression of his, which I am not at this moment able to verify, that he has made it in vain a study of his lifetime to trace the historical connection between Buddhism and Christianity. Dr. Rhys Davids, another perhaps equally eminent specialist in Orientalism, gives it positively as his opinion that there is, between the two, no historical connection. The problem of accounting for their resemblances is probably hopeless, unless indeed it has already been solved—by the hypothesis of diabolism herein suggested. I will not discuss the point. I am disposed rather, alongside of the resemblances, to show something of the differences co-existing with these. The differences and the resemblances studied together are very instructive. If there is any better hypothesis on which to account for them both at once, than the hypothesis of a Satanic agency in the business, why, I, for my

part, am not so besotted in favor of that, as not willingly to admit the better. Let the better be produced. Provisionally, I intend to hold by the Satanic theory.

My readers are now entitled to get for themselves some glimpse of the reasons that I find for my view. I ask them, in examining what I shall spread before them from the Buddhist books, to consider whether it be not marked with much the character of malicious Mephistophelian mockery that should go along with literary and ethical machinations proceeding from the devil. If all is human, and nothing diabolic, in the sacred literature of Buddhism, at least the argument issuing is to me very convincing that, in the sacred literature of Christianity, with much that is human there must be mixed a large element that is authentically Divine. The chasm of contrast between the Buddhist sacred books and the Christian sacred books is too broad to stretch only from human to human. It must be, if not from partly diabolic, at least from human, across to Divine.

Take, for example, selected almost at random, first, a bit of highly specific description of Buddha's habitual manner of deporting himself. I must beg the reader to read the extract through. The quantity of this sort of thing is nearly as important as the quality of it. Imagine this set forth in the way of spiritual edification! Would it not be a fruitful result in character and in bearing—that which painstaking reproduction of the traits here mentioned as belonging to Buddha, might justly be expected to effectuate for any loving and venerating disciple of that sublime master!—R. Spence Hardy's "Manual of Budhism," p. 384 ff.:

"There was a learned brahman, called Brahmàyu, who
"resided in the city of Mithila. To the same place came

"Gótama Budha; and when the brahman heard of his "arrival, knowing his fame, he commanded his disciple "Uttara to go and test his knowledge."

The following is Uttara's report:

"Uttara proceeded: When Budha walks, he places his "right foot first, whether he has been sitting, standing, "or lying. He does not take wide strides, but walks at a "solemn pace; nor does he take short steps; even when "late, he does not walk too quickly, but like a priest pass-"ing along with the alms-bowl. He does not wait for the "priests when they have lagged behind; he does not strike "his knees or his ankles against each other when he is "walking; he does not lift his shoulders up, like a "man in the act of swimming; nor does he throw them "back, like the branch of a tree bent in the form of a "snare; nor does he hold them stiffly, like a stake stuck "in the soft ground or a person who is afraid of falling "when walking in a slippery place; nor does he throw "them hither and thither like the movements of a doll "with wires. Only the lower part of his body moves "when he walks, so that he appears like a statue in a "ship; the upper part being motionless, those at a dis-"tance cannot perceive that he moves. He does not "throw his arms about, so as to cause perspiration or pro-"duce fatigue. When he wishes to see anything that is "behind him, he does not turn his head merely, but at "once turns round the whole body, like the royal ele-"phant. He does not look upward, like a man counting "the stars, nor does he look downward, like a man search-"ing for some coin or other thing that he has lost. He "does not look about him, like a man staring at horses "or elephants, nor does he look before him further than

"the distance of a plough or nine spans; anything fur-
"ther than this distance he sees only by his divine power,
"not with the natural eye. When he enters any place,
"he does not bend his body, nor carry it stiffly. When
"about to sit down, moving gracefully, he does not place
"himself at a greater or less distance from the seat than a
"footstep; he does not take hold of the seat with his
"hand, like a person sick, nor does he go to seat him-
"self like a person who has been fatigued by working,
"but like a person who suspends something very carefully
"or who puts down a portion of silk cotton. When
"seated in any place, he does not remain doing something
"foolish, like a priest playing with drops of water in the
"rim of his alms-bowl, or twirling his fan. He does
"not scrape his foot on the floor, nor does he put one
"knee above the other. He does not place his chin
"upon his hand. He never appears as if he was in any
"way afraid, or in any trouble. Some teachers, when
"they see any one coming to them to make inquiries
"upon religious subjects, are in doubt, not knowing
"whether they will be able to answer them or not; others
"are in perplexity, not knowing whether they will
"receive the necessary alms or not; but Budha is subject
"to none of these trials, as he is free from all the doubts
"and fears to which others are subject. When receiving
"gruel, or other liquid, he does not hold the alms-bowl
"too firmly, nor does he place it too high or too low, or
"shake it; holding it in both hands, he neither receives
"too much nor too little, but the proper quantity. He
"does not scrape the bowl when washing it, nor wash the
"outside before the inside. He washes his hands at the
"same time, and not after he has put down the bowl.
"He does not throw the water to too great a distance;
"nor near his feet, so as to wet his robe. When receiving

"solid food, he holds the bowl in the same manner as when "receiving liquids. When eating, three parts are rice, "and only a fourth part condiment (curry). Some per- "sons, when eating, take more condiment than rice, and "others more rice than condiment; but Budha never ex- "ceeds the proper proportion. The food taken into his "mouth he turns over two or three times; not a single "grain is allowed to pass into the stomach without being "properly masticated, so that it is like flour ground in a "mill. No part is retained in his mouth; nor does he "take more until the previous mouthful has been swallow- "ed. The déwas [supernatural beings] always give to his "food a divine flavor, and it does not produce the same "consequences as in other men. He does not eat to "gratify his appetite, like the common people; nor to in- "crease his size, like kings and other great ones; nor to "render his body beautiful, like those who are licentious; "nor to render his person agreeable, like dancers and "others. He merely eats to sustain existence, as a prop is "put to a falling house, or oil to the wheel of a wagon, or "salve to a wound, or medicine is taken by the sick, or a "raft is used to cross the river, or a ship the sea. When he "has done eating, he does not put his alms-bowl by as if it "were a thing he cared about; nor does he, like some per- "sons, wash it or dry it or fold it in his robe, to preserve it "from dust. His meal being finished, he remains a mo- "ment silent; unless he has to give the benediction in "favor of the person who has presented the food. There "are some priests who hurry over the bana [religious dis- "course] spoken as a benediction, if there be a child cry- "ing, or urgent business, or if they be suffering from hun- "ger. There are some again who talk with the people "about sowing and ploughing, and such matters, instead of "saying bana. But Budha says it deliberately, and on no

"account omits it. Nor when eating the food given him, "does he wish for any other, or ask what kind of rice "it is, or disparage it. He does not say bana in such a way "as to make it appear as if he wished to be invited again "the next day, or the day after; nor when he sees any "one cooking does he begin to say bana with the hope "of receiving a portion when it is ready. Budha says bana "that he may impart instruction. When passing from "one place to another, he does not go too fast, so as to "fatigue his attendants, nor too slowly; but at a becom-"ing pace. He does not let his robe come too high or "fall too low. There are some priests who put the robe "close to the chin, or let it come so low as to cover the "ankles, or put it on awry, or so as not to cover the breast. "Budha avoided these extremes; he does not put on "his robe so loosely as to allow it to be ruffled by the "wind, nor so tightly as to cause perspiration. After "walking, his feet are washed, unless he has walked "upon the pavement alone. *He then reflects on the in-"spirated and expirated breath, and practises medita-"tion.* When he enters a wihára [monastery], he de-"livers his discourse to the priests in kindness. He "does not address the great ones of the earth by high "titles, but speaks to them as to other men; nor does "he address any one in jest; but speaks as if what he "says is of importance. His voice is pleasant in its tone, "and his manner of speaking is free from hesitation; "his words come forth continuously, and being uttered "from the navel they are loud, like the rolling thunder."

It will not be denied that the powers of observation possessed by the messenger in this case must have been thoroughly practiced, as well as naturally very acute. Buddha appears to have been a highly circumspect and de-

liberate gentleman, with many personal habits worthy, if not exactly of reverence, at least of entire approval and of general imitation. I hardly know, for instance, anything better for recommendation to children as a noble example of mastication in eating food, than the careful practice in this respect of Buddha. "Remember Buddha," I have heard a humorsome Christian father in America say at breakfast, with good effect, to his youngsters over-intent on satisfying at once the lusty appetite of childhood. These young people, from previous familiarity with the foregoing practical, low-flying fragment of Buddhist religious lore, instantly understood the allusion intended. The admonition conveyed—owing to the brevity of the phrase, and to the muffled inward sound of the strange proper name, pronounced in a deep bass tone "from the navel,"—will be found on experiment capable of being given with a very fine sombre and salutary effect. As respects the pattern furnished for posture and gesture—it must be admitted that to sit, stand, and move, with altogether the mathematical precision observed by Buddha, might occasion something a bit stiffish or so in carriage and gait; but that surely would be better than vulgar and irreligious precipitancy. For the benefit of any ambitious American neophytes in Buddhism that may happen to do me the honor to read my essay, I would particularly call attention to the sentence foregoing that I print in italics. It is full of marrow. Such persons as I have in mind could not do better than "reflect," after eating, on their "inspirated and expirated breath." That one hint, faithfully carried out, forms within itself a complete manual for successful introspection. The eyes should be directed somewhat downward and inward—in fact, toward the "navel." As the reflection proceeds, the absorption of the subject becomes constantly

more and more profound. The chin approaches the breast, the eyelids droop, the breath "reflected" upon grows delightfully regular, and the subject sinks into a suspense of consciousness closely resembling that *nirvana* which is his highest good. To say it all in a word, you are sound asleep before you know it. I have tried substantially this experiment scores perhaps of times, and seldom or never without gratifying results. If it fails as religion, it is sure to succeed as soporific.

In sad sincerity now, compare such religious pabulum as this from the Buddhist books, with what you find in the Gospels about the behavior of Jesus. A casual coincidence between the Buddhist and the Christian records enables us to do this conveniently. John the Baptist once sent disciples of his to Jesus, and these messengers brought back to their Master a report of their observations:

"When the men were come unto him, they said, John Baptist hath sent us unto thee, saying, Art thou he that should come? or look we for another? And in the same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind he gave sight. Then Jesus, answering, said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me."

Is not the gulf of difference enormous? What do you suppose saved the Christian evangelists from lapse into the abyss of the grotesque and the inane that so swallowed up the writers of the Buddhist books? Was it

not, partly at least, the circumstance that these men had fact, instead of fiction, to report?

I should be guilty of violating just international comity, besides exhibiting myself incapable of cosmopolitanism in spirit, were I to treat with misbecoming levity any foreign race's serious attempt to set forth, in literary representations, its ideal man. Buddha as a man, whether you regard him in the light of a real historical personage, or of a mere imaginative conception of the human mind, is in many points of his character, and at many points of his career, worthy of respect, respect tending to mount into the region of reverence. In whichever way regarded—whether as a once actually existing individual man, or as the product of a great race's best attempts at idealization of human nature—let him but be regarded simply as a man among men, and Buddha commands from me a sentiment of admiration, qualified, indeed, but sincere. But when I am asked to contemplate Buddha as author of a religion competing with Christianity for my suffrage, then I feel free to point out the ridiculousness of his claims.

Everybody in America that knows anything whatever of Buddhism, knows that the doctrine of the transmigration of souls is one of the distinctive features of the system. (Dr. Rhys Davids, indeed, if I understand him right, seeks to show that not true transmigration, but an endless succession of new and different beings—each individual inheriting the merit or demerit acquired by his predecessor in the series—is what Buddhism teaches.) Buddha himself was entangled in the whirl and succession of interminable metempsychosis. Perhaps some arithmetical reader of mine would like to know what was the approximately exact census of this particular person's alleged transmigrations of existence, previous to his final

incarnation as Gautama Buddha. I can gratifiy him—out of Mr. Hardy. Mr. Hardy says, "Manual of Budhism," p. 102:

"At my request, my native pundit made an analysis of the number of times in which Gótama Bódhisat appeared in particular states of existence, as recorded in the Játakas, and the following is the result. An ascetic, 83 times; a monarch, 58; the déwa of a tree, 43; a religious teacher, 26; a courtier, 24; a próhita brahman, 24; a prince, 24; a nobleman, 23; a learned man, 22; the déwa Sekra, 20; an ape, 18; a merchant, 13; a man of wealth, 12; a deer, 10; a lion, 10; the bird hansa, 8; a snipe, 6; an elephant, 6; a fowl, 5; a slave, 5; a golden eagle, 5; a horse, 4; a bull, 4; the brahma Maha Brahma, 4; a peacock, 4; a serpent, 4; a potter, 3; an outcast, 3; a guana, 3; twice each a fish, an elephant-driver, a rat, a jackal, a crow, a woodpecker, a thief, and a pig; and once each a dog, a curer of snake bites, a gambler, a mason, a smith, a devil-dancer, a scholar, a silversmith, a carpenter, a water-fowl, a frog, a hare, a cock, a kite, a jungle-fowl, and a kindurá."

It rather discourages to have Mr. Hardy add, "It is evident, however, that this list is imperfect." One would like to be sure one knew it all just right. I have myself the satisfaction of being able to supply one omission. Gautama was once a squirrel—whereby hangs a Buddhist tale now presently to follow. Yes, Dr. Holmes! According to the genealogy above given, Buddha could indeed "claim a more than earthly lineage and a life that dated from long before Abraham was." But the effect, how different! of such a concatenation of pre-existences for

Buddha, and of Jesus's simple and sublime, "Before Abraham was, I am."

From the moment, during any of his successive changes of form, that a being becomes a recognized and accepted candidate for future Buddhaship, he is called, *Bódhisat.* The Bódhisat must fulfil certain exacting conditions, which the sacred books, as translated by Mr. Hardy, "Manual of Budhism," pp. 106, 107, thus describe:

"1. He must be a man and not a déwa. It is there-
"fore requisite that the Bódhisat continually keep the
"ten precepts, that he may have the merit to be born
"as a man. 2. He must be a male, and not a female;
"and therefore the Bódhisat must avoid *all sins that*
"*would cause him to be born as a woman.* 3. He must
"have the merit that would enable him to become a
"rahat; all evil desire must be destroyed. 4. There
"must be the opportunity of offering to a supreme
"Budha, in whom also firm faith must be exercised. 5.
"There must be the abandonment of the world, and the
"Bódhisat must become an ascetic. 6. He must possess
"the virtue derived from the practice of dhyána [a cer-
"tain rite of Budhism] and other similar exercises,
"nor can the assurance be received by one that is unjust
"or wicked. 7. He must firmly believe that the
"Budha with whom he communicates is free from
"sorrow, and that he himself will possess the same
"power; and he must inquire at what period he will
"receive the Buddhaship. 8. He must exercise a firm
"determination to become a Budha; and were he even
"told that in order to obtain its exalted rank he must
"endure the pains of hell during four asankya-kap-lak-
"shas, he must be willing to suffer all this for its sake."

It is comfortable to know that over against these severe exactions from the Bódhisat, might be set down certain very considerable compensating advantages, thirteen in number, "Manual of Budhism," pp. 107, 108:

"1. He is never born in any of the eight great hells; "all other beings receive this birth, but the Bódhisats "never. 2. He is never born in the Lókántarika hell. "3. He is never born in the Nijhámatanhá préta world. "4. He never receives the khuppipása préta birth, "though all other beings endure it. 5. He never re-"ceives the kálahanjanaka préta birth, though all other "beings are subject to it. 6. He is never born as any "kind of vermin; he is never a louse, bug, ant, or "worm; all other beings receive these births, but the "Bódhisat is never born less than a snipe; nor is he ever "born as a serpent or as any other animal of a similar "species. 7. He is never born blind, dumb, deaf, a "cripple, or leprous. 8. *He is never born as a female.* "9. He is never born as one of doubtful sex. 10. He "never commits any of the five great sins. 11. He is "never born in an arúpa world, as in those states there is "no acquisition of merit. 12. There are other states of "existence in which he is not born, as the prince never "defiles his caste by entering the dwellings of common "men. 13. He is never a sceptic."

The following story, the promised story of the squirrel, is told in the Buddhist sacred books to illustrate the intrepid resolution exhibited by Gautama Bódhisat. It will be seen from this that Buddha is not conceived of by the Buddhists as a sinless being, but as one that needed first to redeem himself before he could be redeemer to others. This is a point of remove from Christianity

at which the two systems are separated by the "whole diameter of being."—"Manual of Budhism," p. 108 f.:

"At a certain time Gótama Bódhisat was born as a "squirrel, on account of some demerit of a former age. "In the forest he was attentive to his young ones, pro-"viding for them all that was necessary; but a fearful "storm arose, and the rivers overflowed their banks, so "that the tree in which he had built his nest was thrown "down by the current, and the little ones were carried "along with it far out to sea. But Bódhisat determined "that he would release them; and for this purpose he "dipped his tail in the waves, and sprinkling the water "on the land, he thought in this manner to dry up the "ocean. After he had persevered seven days, he was "noticed by Sekra, who came to him and asked what "he was doing. On being told, he said, 'Good "squirrel! you are only an ignorant animal, and there-"fore you have commenced this undertaking; the sea "is 84,000 yojanas in depth; how then can you dry it "up? Even a thousand or a hundred thousand men "would be unable to accomplish it, unless they were "rishis.' The squirrel replied, 'Most courageous of "men! if the men were all like you, it would be just as "you say, as you have let the extent of your courage "be known by the declaration; but I have no time "just now to spend with such imbeciles as you, so you "may be gone as soon as you please.' Then Sekra "caused the young squirrels to be brought to the land, "as he was struck with the indomitable courage of the "parent."

A good parable of spunk, this squirrel story makes, as it stands. Seven days did very well, but to me in-

dividually it would be more entirely satisfactory, if the valiant little squirrel had been left to wag his tail a couple of hundred thousands of years or so, just to put his quality to proof worthy of Buddha. The very liberal estimates of time common in Buddhist chronology seem to warrant some such free probationary period as the one suggested.

Here is a story of Buddhist consolation. I do not see that the wit of man unassisted could do better; still, for consolation, it seems such irony, that to me I confess it reads a good deal more like the devil trying his hand at sympathy, than like that "God of all comfort" whom we know out of great-hearted Paul. The story of course is one concerning Buddha, "Manual of Budhism," pp. 109, 110:

"It came to pass that whilst Gótama Budha resided "in the wihára called Jetawana, near the city of Sewet, "he related the following Játaka, on account of an ascetic who had lost his father. In what way? Budha "having perceived that an ascetic who had lost his father "endured great affliction in consequence, and knowing "by what means he could point out the way of relief, "took with him a large retinue of priests, and proceeded "to the dwelling of the ascetic. Being honorably seated, he inquired, 'Why are you thus sorrowful, ascetic?' "to which the bereaved son replied, 'I am thus sorrowful on account of the death of my father.' On hearing "this, Budha said, 'It is to no purpose to weep for the "dead; a word of advice is given to those who weep "for the thing that is past and gone.' In what manner? "That which follows is the relation.

"In a former age, when Brahmadatta was king of "Benares, Bódhisat was born of a wealthy family, and

"was called Sujáta. The grandfather of Sujáta sickened "and died, at which his father was exceedingly sorrow- "ful; indeed his sorrow was so great, that he removed "the bones from their burial-place, and deposited them "in a place covered with earth near his own house, "whither he went thrice a day to weep. The sorrow "almost overcame him; he ate not, neither did he drink. "Bódhisat thought within himself, that it was proper to "attempt the assuaging of his father's grief; and there- "fore, going to the spot where there was a dead buffalo, "he put grass and water to its mouth and cried out, "'Oh, buffalo, eat and drink!' The people perceived "his folly, and said, 'What is this, Sujáta? Can a dead "buffalo eat grass or drink water?' But without paying "any attention to their interference, he still cried out, "'Oh, buffalo, eat and drink!' The people concluded that "he was out of his mind, and went to inform his father; "who, forgetting his parent from his affection for his "son, went to the place where he was, and enquired the "reason of his conduct. Sujáta replied, 'There are the "feet and the tail, and all the interior parts of the "buffalo, entire; if it be foolish in me to give grass and "water to a buffalo, dead, but not decayed, why do you, "father, weep for my grandfather, when there is no "part of him to be seen?' [Greek Solon, sorrowful for "the loss of a son, to one consoling him with, 'Weep- "ing will do no good,' said, 'That is what makes me "weep.' The Indian, it will be seen, was more consol- "able.] The father then said, 'True, my son; what "you say is like the throwing of a vessel of water upon "fire; it has extinguished my sorrow;' and thus say- "ing he returned many thanks to Sujátá.

"This Sujáta Játaka is finished. I, Budha, am the "person who was then born as the youth Sujáta."

What a heaven of difference between this and Jesus's to Martha,

"Thy brother shall rise again"!

Or Paul's to the Thessalonians:

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus Christ died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."

The difference between this and that, which every reader must feel, is not the difference between Oriental and Occidental; for both are Oriental, the Buddhist Scripture and the Christian alike. It would be cruel to draw these contrasts, if the question were of Buddha simply as a poor Pagan groping in the dark and gathering dust and chaff. But Buddha is advanced now by some among us to rivalry and brotherhood with Jesus as a Saviour. It is well therefore to have the difference between the two not overlooked. Let it be seen that there is an antipathy, as well as a sympathy, of religions. Pathetic it is to me beyond

expression, to think of that noble and gentle spirit of ancient Indian paganism making his futile false motions to save a world, that could be saved by nothing short of a Saviour God! Over Buddha himself one could weep, weep tears of admiration and of compassion—for his comparative moral height invites the one, while his miserable failure compels the other; but toward those who, dwelling in present noonday Christian light, talk, in the same breath, and with like homage, of Buddha and of Jesus, what emotion is fit? For myself, I find it hard to refrain from an emotion that might be fit indeed toward such, were it an emotion fit toward any from disciples of Jesus.

It is proper that I should make an explanation. The Buddhist stories that have here been given from Mr. Hardy's book, are from a comment on Buddha's supposed discourses, and not from the supposed discourses themselves. The comment, however, has been formally declared of equal authority with the discourses. It is far more popular than they, because far more entertaining, and it probably exerts quite as much teaching power. To the discourses proper we shall presently come; but first let me still give Buddhism to my readers a little more at large, in the myths that really compose the system, as the system practically makes itself most felt in the lives of its adherents.

It happened once to the much-enduring Buddha, among his many chances of transmigration, to be born monkey-king to a nation of 80,000 monkeys. Here is a sacred anecdote of Buddha in this interesting royal relation of his, "Manual of Budhism," p. 116:

"In this birth, Bódhisat was the king of 80,000 "monkeys. The tribe lived in the forest of Himála

"near a village, in which was a timbery tree laden with "fruit. The monkeys requested permission of their "king to go and seize the fruit; but his majesty for- "bade them, when he learnt that the village was inhab- "ited. They, however, ascended the tree in the middle "of the night, and were busy at work, when one of the "villagers having occasion to rise, saw what they were "about, and gave the alarm. The tree was soon sur- "rounded by people, armed with sticks, who were re- "solved to wait until the dawn, and then kill the mon- "keys. Information was conveyed to the king that his "tribe were in this predicament; so he immediately "went to the village, and set fire to the house of an old "woman. The people, of course, ran to extinguish the "flames, and thus the monkeys escaped."

Now, does that not read like the devil himself making game of us poor human creatures willingly deluded? True enough, if there is in fact no devil at all, why, then, of course, it easily follows that no devil at all could have had to do with this Buddhist business. But let it be supposed for the moment that the Bible tells the truth about the being of such a personage—say, does it not then seem like the very devil's own waggery, this tale of a human saviour's smartness as monkey?

There are, I understand, people of the Christian Occident that have got themselves distended to liberality enough, and elated to enthusiasm enough, to become rapt disciples of Buddha. I have among my *miscellanea* of material gathered for this essay a newspaper paragraph of late date reciting how a Buddhist temple is about to be opened in Paris. It is the Buddhist piety, so we are given to believe, of a wealthy Englishwoman that proposes this work of devotion to the Indian saviour. I am

going now to introduce an extract from the Buddhist literature that may prove of practical value to any of my readers, like in faith with the aforesaid English lady, and having it in mind to attain a high degree in this attractive pagan cult. I am going to introduce, translated for us by Mr. Hardy (in his "Legends and Theories of the Buddhists," p. 179 ff.), directions as to the proper steps for Buddhist votaries to take in securing final extinction of being. The passage about to be presented is conceived in a strain more serious and severe than has been illustrated in the citations preceding. Prepare now for something on which the pious soul may recruit its strength. I give one of the most exalted purely religious strains that I have found in Buddhist literature. This is Buddhism at its religious best:

"The priest who intends to practise the dhyánas seeks "out a retired locality, as, the foot of a tree, a rock, a "cave, a place where dead bodies have been burned, or "an uncultivated and uninhabited part of the forest, and "prepares a suitable place with his robe or with straw. "He then seats himself, cross-legged, in an upright posi- "tion, with his mind free from attachment and all evil "thoughts, and with compassion towards all sentient "beings, putting away sluggishness and drowsiness, "possessed of wisdom and understanding, and leaving "all doubt, uncertainty, and questioning, purifies his "mind, and rejoices. Like a sick man who gains health, "he rejoices; or a merchant who gains wealth, or a pris- "oner who gains liberty, or a slave who gains freedom, "or a traveller along a dangerous road who gains a "place of safety. Thus rejoicing, he is refreshed in "body; he has comfort; and his mind is composed. "But he retains witairka, reasoning, and wichára, inves-

"tigation. This rejoicing is diffused through his whole "body, as the wind entirely fills the bag that contains "it, or as the oil in which cotton has been dipped per- "vades every part; it comes in contact with his "organized frame on all sides; there is no part of his "body that does not feel it. Like an attendant who takes "a metal vessel, in which he puts some of the powder "used when bathing, and then mixes water with it, as "much as is required, working them together, within and "without, until the blending is complete; so does this "rejoicing permeate through the whole body, and is "diffused throughout every part.

"In the second dhyána, the priest has put away and "overcome reasoning and investigation, and attained to "clearness and fixedness of thought, so that his mind is "concentrated on one object, and he has rejoicing and "gladness. There is no part of him that does not enjoy "the pleasant result; as a deep lake into which no river "flows, no rain falls, and no water springs up from "beneath, is filled and pervaded in every part by the "water, and is free from agitation.

"In the third dhyána there is no rejoicing, no glad- "ness, and no sorrow; but there is upékkhá, tranquillity, "which is diffused through every part of his body, like "the water that nourishes the lotus, pervading every "part, and passing from the root to the petals, so that it "is saturated with water throughout its whole texture.

"In the fourth dhyána, reasoning, investigation, joy, "and sorrow, are overcome, and he attains to freedom "from attachment to sensuous objects, and has purity "and enlightenment of mind. These envelop him, as a "man when he is covered by a white cloth from head to "foot, leaving no part of his person exposed.

"The priest who has practised the four dhyánas

"aright has the power to bring into existence a figure "similar to himself, with like senses and members; but "he knows that it is not himself, as a man who distin- "guishes one kind of grass from another, or a sword "from its scabbard, or a serpent from its cast-off skin. "This priest has the power of irdhi, which is thus exer- "cised.

"1. Being one, he multiplies himself, and becomes "many; being many, he individualizes himself, and be- "comes one; and he makes himself visible or invisible "at will. As one who goes into the water and comes "up again, so does he descend into the earth, and again "rise out of it; he walks on water as others walk on dry "land; as a bird he can rise into the air, sitting cross- "legged; he can feel, and touch, and grasp, the sun "and moon; in any part of space, as high up as the "brahma-lókas, he can do anything he likes with his "body, like a potter who has the power to fashion as he "likes the clay, or as a carver in ivory with his figures, "or a goldsmith with his ornaments.

"2. By the possession of divine ears, he can distin- "guish the sounds made by men and déwas, that are not "audible to others, whether near or distant; and he can "tell one sound from another, as a traveller, when he "hears the sound of different drums and chanques, can "distinguish the roll of the drum from the blast of the "trumpet, and the blast of the trumpet from the roll of "the drum.

"3. By directing his mind to the thoughts of others, he "can know the mind of all beings; if there be attach- "ment to sensuous objects, he can perceive it, and he "knows whether it is there or not; it is the same with "all other evils and ignorances; and he knows who are "firm or fixed, and who are unstable. This knowledge

"extends both to the rúpa and arúpa worlds, the worlds "in which there is body and which there is not, and it "obtains as to those who are about to enter nirwána, and "are rahats. As a youth fond of pleasure, when he "looks into a mirror, or still water, learns therefrom all "about his face and appearance, so the priest can distin-"guish the thoughts of others of whatever kind.

"4. By directing his mind to the remembrance of "former births, he sees one, two, a hundred, a thou-"sand, ten thousand, and many kalpas, of existences; "and thinks—I have been there, in such a place; and "my name, family, color, food, and circumstances, were "of such a kind; I went from this place, and was born "in that place—tracing the manner of his existence "from one birth to another, and from one locality to "another. As a man who has business in another "village goes there, and on his return remembers, I "stood there and I sat there; there I spoke, and there "I was silent; in the same way a man remembers his "former births whether one thousand or ten thousand.

"5. By directing his mind to the attainment of "chakkhupassaná-gnyána, or divine vision, he sees sen-"tient beings as they pass from one state of existence to "another, and the position in which they are born, "whether they are mean or noble, ill-favored or good-"looking. He sees that others, on account of errors "they have embraced, or propagated, are born in hell, "and that others again, on account of their merit and "truthfulness, are born in some heavenly world. As a "man with good sight, from the upper story of his "house, sees the people in the street; some entering "the dwelling, and some coming out, and others riding "in vehicles of different descriptions; so the priest sees "the circumstances of other beings in all worlds.

"6. By directing his mind to the four kinds of evil—
"viz., anger, a desire for existence, ignorance, and
"scepticism; he knows that this is sorrow, this the
"cause of sorrow, this the cessation of sorrow, and this
"the cause of the cessation of sorrow; and again that
"this is evil, this the cause of evil, this the cessation
"of evil, and this the cause of the cessation. His mind
"is free from the four kinds of evil. He knows, I have
"overcome the repetition of existence; I have completed
"my observance of the precepts; that which is proper
"to be done, I have done; there is nothing further to
"which I have to attend; my work is completed and
"ended. As a man who stands by the side of a lake,
"when the water is clear and still, sees under the sur-
"face different kinds of shells, stones, potsherds, and
"fishes, some in motion and some at rest, and thinks,
"Here are shells, here are stones, here are potsherds,
"and here are fishes; so the priest knows, I have over-
"come the repetition of existence; all that I have to do,
"is done."

"The above paragraphs," Mr. Hardy explains, "are taken from the Suttanta called Sámanya Phala, or the advantages of the priesthood."

Buddhism at its religious best, I called the foregoing extract. At its religious most characteristic, perhaps I should have said rather. The following will be by many considered better:

"A rich merchant of the name of Purna had become
"a convert to Buddha's teaching, and, renouncing all his
"wealth, resolved to fix his abode among a neighboring
"savage tribe, whom he wished to convert to the law.
"Buddha at first tried to discourage him.

" 'The men of Sronaparanta, whither thou wilt go,' " he said to him, 'are violent, cruel, furious, and insolent. " When they utter wicked, gross, and insolent words to " thy face, when they grow angry with thee and abuse " thee, what wilt thou think?'

" 'This is what I will think,' replied Purna, 'these " men are certainly good and kind, who do not strike " me either with their hands or with stones.'

" 'But if they strike thee with their hands and with " stones, what wilt thou think of them?'

" 'I will think that they are good and kind, as they " do not strike me with the sword.'

" 'But if they strike thee with sticks or with the " sword, what wilt thou think of them?'

" 'I will think them good and kind, as they do not " take my life.'

" 'But if they take thy life, what wilt thou think of " them?'

" 'I will think the men of Sronaparanta good and " kind, to deliver me with so little pain from this body " full of vileness.'

" 'It is well,' replied Buddha, 'with such perfect " patience thou canst live among the Sronaparantas. Go " then, O Purna, delivered thyself, deliver others; thy- " self arrived on the other shore, bring others there; " thyself consoled, do thou console; thyself arrived at " Nirvana, teach others the way.'

" Purna, thus encouraged, went to dwell among that " tribe, and by his gentleness and resignation won them " from their savage customs to the law."

The Rev. John Robson makes the foregoing contribution to our fund of Buddhist anecdote. I take it from his "Hinduism and its Relations to Christianity." He

acknowledges, however, his indebtedness to M. St. Hilaire for this pretty garnish of story. M. St. Hilaire is a writer of excellent rank, but he is a Frenchman. Frenchmen love to tell a story well, and they know how. The present story lost nothing of point and feeling in passing through M. St. Hilaire's hands. Whether or not true (genuinely Buddhist it certainly is, for Mr. Hardy also has it, p. 268—in a much less rhetorical form), at least it must be confessed well invented. Let us Christians be braced by it.

IV.

We have played long enough about the outside and border of Buddhism. Let us see if we can find our way into the heart of the system. It will be desirable to learn whether the "benignity" of its influence is, from its inherent, its inseparable character, likely to have been, and to be, such as Mr. Arnold represents it.

As a religion, Buddhism is mysticism, if it is anything. God in it there is none. It is an infinitely tedious series of self-manipulations. You do not get out of yourself. You only get, as it were, more deeply into yourself. There is no human immortality in the system. The highest aim you have, as the object of a "universal hope," is to stop being. To be or not to be, that is *not* the question with the Buddhist. The Buddhist has that point settled for him out of hand and peremptorily. Existence to him is one long succession of ills. From these ills the sole escape is annihilation. "Sad cure"! This, in short, is Buddhism—the religious system. It is atheism—it is pessimism.

Where, then, lies the merit of Buddhism? Or has it no merit? Yes, assuredly it has merit. But not as a religion. As a religion, it can have no merit, for it is not a religion. Essentially, it is a denial of the possibility of religion. Religion requires a god, and, as I have said, there is in Buddhism no god. But without being a religion, Buddhism is highly ethical. The ethics of Buddhism are, for us Occidentals, the heart of the system. Let us examine its ethics.

Without independent examination of my own, from prepossession merely, I was inclined beforehand to make, on the score of its ethics, large concessions to Buddhism. To that extent the influence now strangely everywhere abroad in the air, had wrought with me. I was willing—as, from what I had seen in writers, Christian, some of them, on comparative religion, I supposed myself warranted—to say that, beyond perhaps any other pagan race, the Indian people had, in Buddhism, shown for us the utmost capacity belonging to the unassisted human reason and conscience for the apprehension and discrimination of moral truth. What was not accomplished by Buddha in this field, would, I had thus presumed it safe to say, be found beyond the reach of human powers to accomplish. Buddha, in my preconception, was a great, perhaps—inspired peers apart—unequalled, ethical teacher. His system of morality, both for height and for comprehension, I was quite ready to regard as almost a miracle of human achievement.

I found it agreeable to indulge these prepossessions. I love to be just, and I love to admire. I went farther, and said with myself, To the extent to which we may assume the Buddha of the legends to be a real personage, probably Buddha himself was the peer of the highest, the peer of Socrates, if not in intellectual, certainly in moral, character. If I did not go on to comparing him even with Jesus, it was because, as between Buddha and Jesus I felt the difference to be a difference less of degree, than of kind. For comparison, there need to be brought together individuals of the same kind.

All this was before I had made independent inquisition of my own into the essential character of Buddhist morality. I lament to say that I am forced now to take a much less favorable view of the system.

Of the system, I say; for, in seeking to do justice to Buddha, the man, as teacher of morals, I am confronted with an insurmountable difficulty. Let it be supposed certain that such a personage once existed, still there exists no trustworthy and authoritative repository of Buddha's ethical teaching. We only know what Buddhism teaches. We cannot know what Buddha taught. Buddha, if he lived at all, lived, say, five hundred years before Christ. This is the highest antiquity that the best authorities will admit for Buddha. Two hundred years elapsed after he died, before his teachings were committed to writing. During this long interval, his teachings were preserved only in the memory of his disciples. The form, therefore, in which they now exist is a form possessing no just claim to be considered authentic. This is not a derogation from Buddhism. It is simple recognition of a fact. The fact is not, I believe, disputed by any one. The contrast is thus seen to be broad between the record of what Buddha taught and the record of what Jesus taught. The Gospels were, by general consent, the product of an age in which actual witnesses of the life of Jesus still moved among men. The character of the two records differs correspondingly. There is something fixed and definite in the narrative of the Gospels. In the legends of Buddha, everything is shadowy and vague. I can only try to be perfectly fair to Buddha the man. I am sure that, provided my English authorities give me safe translations, I can, with good endeavor, succeed in being perfectly fair to Buddhism, the system. The good endeavor at least shall not be wanting.

I first give that ostensible compend, in metre, of the ethical system of Buddhism, with which Mr. Arnold closes his report of the discourse of Buddha contained in

the last book of the "Light of Asia." The couplets, as will be seen, are characterized by a peculiar simplicity which it requires much discernment on the reader's part to distinguish from the quality of mere and pure doggerel:

> "Kill not—for pity's sake—and lest ye slay
> The meanest thing upon its upward way.
>
> "Give freely and receive, but take from none
> By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own.
>
> "Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
> Truth is the speech of inward purity.
>
> "Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
> Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Sôma juice.
>
> "Touch not thy neighbor's wife, neither commit
> Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit."

Whatever may be thought of this as poetry, it certainly reads very well as morality. But let us see.

In Mr. Hardy's "Manual of Budhism," confessed to be a trustworthy source of knowledge respecting the system, the concluding section, upward of fifty large and closely printed pages, is devoted to the subject of "The Ethics of Buddhism." Here we have what I believe to be faithful translations from the very text of the Buddhist books current in Ceylon, a representative Buddhist country—books constituting for that country the accepted canon of Buddhist sacred literature. We seem as little liable as, in the nature of things, we could hope to be, to do Buddhism any wrong, if we try Buddhist morality by its own supposed original expression. (What we shall do will be something like what it would be to try the Bible by our English version. For the Singhalese Buddhist books are translated by Mr. Hardy from a Pali original.)

I go to the Buddhist decalogue, as we may call a list

of ten prohibitions that sum up, for Buddhists, the main points of moral obligation. There is really no such striking analogy, even superficial analogy, existing between Moses and Buddha, as my use of the word decalogue might seem to imply. Still, as the parallel is sometimes assumed, I have no objection to adopting it here, at least in name.

In the first place, there is no mention of God in the Buddhist decalogue, none indeed anywhere in Buddhist literature. And God is not present silently in Buddhism, any more than he is present there by open mention. As I have said, I say again, Buddhism knows no God. In the Buddhist decalogue, therefore, there is nothing whatever to correspond to the "first table" so-called of the Mosaic Ten Commandments.

The first one among Buddha's ten prohibitions is of the taking of life. *No* life is to be taken. The Mosaic prohibition is in form similarly universal and absolute, "Thou shalt not kill." But the Mosaic prohibition is, by abundant context, qualified and limited, so that we know it relates to the taking of human life only, and only to the wrongful taking of human life. Moses was a legislator as well as a moralist. Under his code, human life might rightfully be taken in penalty for crime. Buddha, on the other hand, was purely a moral teacher. He taught morality under no sense of practical responsibility as a civil ruler. His prohibition of the taking of life made, therefore, so far as in Mr. Hardy's exhibition appears, no allowance for cases of capital punishment by process of law. He prohibited absolutely and universally all taking of life,—of human life not only, but of animal life of every kind and every degree. Under the ægis of this indiscriminate prohibition, the smallest insect was as safe as the most exalted man—theo-

retically. (Practically, the most exalted man was hardly more safe than the smallest insect. This of course exaggerates—as, said here, it also anticipates.)

What a mild and peaceful world it would be—the world that would result from obedience to Buddha! But stay, what about noxious creatures—insects, beasts, or reptiles? These all could hardly be relied upon to obey Buddha in his precept against the taking of life, and they might even prey upon obedient and therefore unresisting, men, women and children. No matter—life was not to be taken. After all, then, the world would not be quite Eden come again, under such an arrangement. That I do not misrepresent the Buddhist teaching on this point, the following illustration, supplied in the text itself that accompanies to explain and enforce the precept, sufficiently witnesses, "Manual of Budhism," p. 480:

"In the village of Wadhamána, near Danta, there "was an upásaka who was a husbandman. One of his "oxen having strayed, he ascended a rock that he might "look for it; but whilst there he was seized by a ser-"pent. He had a goad in his hand, and his first im-"pulse was to kill the snake; but he reflected that if he "did so he should break the precept that forbids the "taking of life. He therefore resigned himself to "death, and threw the goad away; no sooner had he "done this, than the snake released him from its grasp, "and he escaped. Thus, by observing the precept, his "life was preserved from the most imminent danger."

Now, at first blush it might seem a merely harmless Quixotism of benevolence, for a moral teacher to run into such extravagances in prohibition of the taking of

life. But a little reflection serves to show that moral inculcation wildly extravagant enough to be manifestly impracticable, ceases to be moral, and becomes flagrantly immoral, *in tendency.* In tendency immoral,—for my remark impugns not the good motive, but only the good sense, of Buddha. (If the devil were supposed really the moralist—the devil, masking under the personality of Buddha—my remark would not impugn *his* good sense. The practical working of a moral system extravagant to the degree of impossibility, would be something exactly suited to the devil's thwarting purpose.)

The crime of murder may, according to Buddha, be "committed by the body, as when weapons are used; by word, as when a superior commands an inferior to take life; or *by the mind, as when the death of another is desired.*" Is not this last deep-going? Listen again: "This crime is committed, not only when life is actually taken, *but also when there is the indulgence of hatred or anger.*" Does not Buddha, in these expressions, strike a note strangely in chord with the profound morality of the New Testament? Assuredly, should one cull and sever out only these, with kindred expressions—they are not many—and display them as characteristic and representative of Buddha, the natural effect would be to set Buddhism, before readers not otherwise more fully informed, in an apparent equality of competition with Christianity. But now take in connection with these searchingly spiritual pronunciations of Buddha, the casuistry that in the text where they occur accompanies and interprets them. Remember too that it is not of human murder that they speak, but of the taking of life in general. I have given my very closest candid attention to that whole portion of Hardy's chapter, "The

Ethics of Budhism," which treats of this subject; and if the total resultant tendency of the doctrine be not, *at best*, pure nullity as to morals, then I am entirely at fault in judging of it. *At best*, I say, nullity—for at its natural worst, the tendency would, I should decide, be positively immoral, and immoral in the highest degree. But my readers shall see and decide for themselves (p. 479):

"If the person who is killed is the person who was "intended to be slain, the crime of murder has been "committed; but if it is intended to take the life of a "particular person, by throwing a dart, or javelin, and "the weapon kill another, it is not murder. If it is in-"tended to take life, though not the life of any partic-"ular person, and life be taken, it is murder. When a "blow is given with the intention of taking life, whether "the person who is struck die at that time or afterwards, "it is murder.

"When a command is given to take the life of a par-"ticular person, and that person is killed, it is murder; "but if another person be killed instead, it is not "murder. When a command is given to take the life "of a person at a particular time, whether in the morn-"ing or in the evening, in the night or in the day, and "he be killed at the time appointed, it is murder; but "if he be killed at some other time, and not at the time "appointed, it is not murder. When a command is "given to take the life of a person at a particular place, "whether it be in the village, or city, or desert, on land, "or on water, and he be killed at the place appointed, "it is murder; but if he be killed at some other place, "and not at the place appointed, it is not murder. "When a command is given to take the life of a person

"in a particular position, whether it be walking, standing, sitting, or lying down, and he be killed whilst in the position appointed, it is murder; but if he be killed whilst in some other position, and not in the position appointed, it is not murder. When a command is given to take the life of a person by a particular weapon, whether it be sword or spear, and he be killed by the weapon appointed, it is murder; but if he be killed by some other weapon, and not by the weapon appointed, it is not murder."

Now, maturely consider the foregoing. Observe how the severely high saying that murder is committed "when the death of another is *desired*," must be joined with, "If it is *intended* to take the life of a particular person . . . and the weapon kill another, it is *not* murder"—also with, "To constitute the crime of taking life . . . the life must be actually taken" (said elsewhere in close connection)—observe, I say, these confusing inconsistencies and contradictions jumbled inextricably together, and, tell me, what wholesome binding force for the conscience is left inhering in the doctrine? Then, since to constitute the crime of murder, there must be concurring of time, place, posture, circumstance, exactly as preconceived and predetermined by the person intending the crime, what loophole, I ask, of escape from murderer's guilt could be desired by a murderer, that is not here abundantly provided? Dull of wit, indeed, would the murderer be who, under such provisions as these, could not accomplish his murderous design without incurring the guilt of a murderer. I submit that the logical, the inevitable, practical result of such morality would be immeasurably to cheapen human life. This from antecedent probability inhering in the nature

of the case, and without reference to the historical facts bearing on the point; but the historical facts most impressively agree. China is largely a Buddhist country; and where is human life so abominably, so unutterably, cheap and vile as in China?

Thoughtful readers will not fail to perceive, in the melancholy casuistical hypotheses and determinations that thus conspire to make void the Buddhist precept against murder, a strange parallel—by anticipation—for Jesuitism.

The *freakishness* of Buddhist ethics is by no means a harmless trait. It is in fact almost as confusing and demoralizing as are the more positive faults of the system. Take for example this (p. 478):

> "When the life of a man is taken, the demerit in-
> "creases in proportion to the merit of the person slain;
> "*but he who slays a cruel man has greater demerit than*
> "*he who slays a man of a kind disposition.*"

I have by no means fully represented, nay, I have not even at all adequately hinted, the foolishness of casuistry to which Buddhism condescends. "Condescends," I have said, but "condescends" is not the proper word to describe the relation held by Buddhism, as a total system, toward the wretched casuistry of Buddhist ethics. The relation is rather that of natural level between the one and the other. The casuistry suits exactly the trifling character of the system taken as a whole. This trifling character I am aware that I have not certified to the reader by sufficient citations. The sole reason for this default on my part has been a consideration of mercy toward the reader. To do justice to the topic by citations would involve the transfer to these pages of an intoler-

able mass of grotesque, but unamusing, frivolity, beyond the power of the Occidental imagination, without dreary experience of it, to conceive. It was simply and peremptorily impossible to undertake an exhibition, in anything like its own redundant volume, of this element in Buddhism. The reader must take it on trust. Refusal so to take it would be severely punished by coercion to go through the proof that might be interminably submitted. I repeat, that the sorry, and often worse than sorry, casuistry of Buddhist ethics is only in too good keeping with the mocking and cheating essential character of Buddhism as a system.

Extraordinary is the contrast at this point between Buddhism and Christianity. Buddha would seem to have delighted in being drawn out, whether by disciple or by adversary, into trains of casuistical and sophistical refining. The firm refraining and refusing, of Christ and of his apostles, to yield to temptations of this sort, whether the temptations proceeded from within or from without, might escape our admiration but for the foil of contrast presented in false religious teachers like Buddha.

There were not wanting occasions to Jesus. The Samaritan woman who met him at the well evidently sought to draw the Jewish stranger into a wrangle of words. Jesus declined the challenge by holding her firmly to the point that she found so disturbing to her own peace of conscience. I will not deny nor ignore that Buddha himself seemed sometimes to know how to be wisely reticent. But Jesus never, the apostles—after being inspired—never, forgot themselves. "How often shall we forgive?" asked they once of their Master. What a tempting opportunity for supposing cases, for drawing distinctions, for introducing qualifications!

"Till seven times?" asked Peter, drawing, as he evidently thought, a very long bow. "I say not until seven times, but until seventy times seven," was the answer that estopped question, and left the teaching solidly stronger than before. "Shall we give tribute to Cæsar?" "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." How different this in moral impression from wire-drawing casuistry! "Who is my neighbor?" asked of Jesus certain who thus sought escape from the inevitable application to themselves of an unwelcome teaching of his. No nice definitions did Jesus vouchsafe. With parable instead, he taught that, for purposes of moral obligation, any one was your neighbor whom you had it in your power to serve. Now, consider that this Syrian teacher was but a young man, with little experience of life and less communion of books, (apart from the Old Testament), to make him wise, and how do you account for it that such a difference stretches between him and Buddha, the two being compared as to their moral wisdom and as to their power of influencing the world? What made that inexperienced young Syrian, author of no book, holder of no political, no social, position, doer of no remarkable deed (his miracles being set aside), simply speaker of chance words dropped here and there to people that did not understand them, that would not report them, that could not report them, or that could only misreport them—what, I ask, made this young Syrian, who summed up in three short years his whole life before the public, closing it with an ignominious death—what made Jesus the lord of the world, the lord of the foremost part of the world, that he has been? Was it that he was but such another as the mythical Buddha?

This wanders. Let us return. We were observing

the absence of casuistry in the ethics of Christianity, as contrasted with the presence, and abundance, and mischievous character, of casuistry in Buddhism. Christian morality at least does not confuse itself, defeat itself, first with absurd exaggerations, and then with absurd extenuations, of requirement, or perhaps with subtle qualifying clauses; and this, as has been seen, in its article on life-taking, and as I am about to show, in its article on lying, Buddhism undeniably does.

Such as I have shown it, then, seen partially indeed, but seen truly in its own light, is the vaunted morality of Buddhism. Buddha's precept against killing forms an important portion of "that wisdom which," as Mr. Arnold's Buddhist votary could say, "hath made our Asia mild!" Asiatic "mildness!" The pages of history, ancient and modern alike, furnish what a commentary on that word in that combination! I do not pretend, I do not, for my argument, need to pretend, that as matter of cause and effect Buddhism produced Asiatic "mildness." But I submit that to such a cause it logically belonged to produce such an effect.

There is another trait of Asiatic and specifically of Hindu character, not less distinctive than its "mildness." If the Hindu is "mild," he is, also and equally, truth-loving and truth-telling. To drop our sad irony, the Hindus are reputed to be in character both cruel and deceitful. We have already examined Buddhist morality in its relation to crime against life. Let us proceed to examine it in its relation to crime against truth. We shall find here somewhat the same mingled character of good and bad, of bad defeating the good, bad turning the good into its own nature, as was observable in the Buddhist teaching on murder. First, however, perhaps my readers ought to see what sanctions in the way of prom-

ised reward, Buddha propounds, to secure obedience of the precept respecting the taking of life (p. 482):

"He who keeps the precept which forbids the taking "of life will be thus rewarded:—He will afterwards be "born with all his members perfect; he will be tall and "strong, and put his feet firmly to the ground when he "walks; he will have a handsome person, a soft and clear "skin, and be fluent in speech; he will have the respect "of his servants and friends; he will be courageous, "none having the power to withstand him; he will not "die by the stratagem of another; he will have a large "retinue, good health, a robust constitution, and enjoy "long life."

Lying is forbidden in Buddhist ethics. The following explanation is added:

"Four things are necessary to constitute a lie: "1. There must be the utterance of the thing that is "not. 2. There must be the knowledge that it is not. "3. There must be some endeavor to prevent the person "addressed from learning the truth. 4. *There must be "the discovery by the person deceived that what has been "told him is not true.*"—Hardy's "Manual of Budhism," p. 486.

I have italicized the pregnant particular that closes the series of four things mentioned as necessary to constitute a lie. What do my readers say to it? I do not wonder that Mr. Hardy felt it necessary to support himself in his translation by giving in connection, for comparison by Singhalese scholars, the original phrase that expressed so incredible a sentiment. Dr. Rhys Davids, in his com-

pact and summary compend of Buddhism, having stated the bare precepts of morality inculcated by the system, remarks that the precepts are accompanied with such comments and explanations as moralists usually add to their injunctions! It would seem that his vigilance must have winked, when he read the monstrous statement foregoing that I have italicized. And that statement has curiously escaped the attention of every admiring writer on comparative religion that I have found praising the exalted morality of Buddhism. Look at the statement again, and yet again. Ponder it well, and see if the gist of the matter be not this: You must not lie, but if you lie well enough not to be found out, you have not lied! Who is there, pray, that lies expecting to be found out? A premium is here put, not upon telling the truth, but upon lying expertly. It is like the case of the Spartan boys brought up to steal, and to think stealing disgraceful only when found out. I ask now, what would be the natural, the legitimate, the inevitable, tendency of such doctrine on the subject of lying? Would it not be to produce a race of liars? That in fact the Hindus are a race of liars, it is not mine to assert. I have no personal knowledge. That they have the reputation of being such, is as well known as is anything else whatever respecting the Hindus. I beg to have it steadily borne in mind that I charge upon no particular man, certainly not upon Gautama Buddha, the origination of the foregoing monstrous doctrine about what is necessary to constitute a lie. The doctrine may not be the doctrine of Buddha, but it is the doctrine of Buddhism; and I insist that on Buddhism its own proper responsibility shall abide. *That* is an inseparable part of Buddhist morality. Let Buddhist morality swim, if it can, with such a millstone tied, in a knot that none will untie, about its neck.

But the doctrine revolts so; it is almost impossible to believe it ever was taught. Is there not some possible explanation of the text that will avoid the doctrine? May not the text mean only, You must not *impute* a lie, unless you are *sure?* I answer, That is a violently improbable interpretation to put upon the language employed. To me it seems an entirely inadmissible interpretation. But, even let it be admitted, the pernicious practical result of the teaching would still be the same; for the more natural interpretation would be certain to prevail. And I am dealing throughout with the moral tendency of a system, not with the moral purpose of a man.

Would my readers like to see what inducements Buddha held out to disciples to secure their heed of his precept against lying? Here they are. It will be observed that they chiefly respect personal appearance. Opinions will probably vary as to the degree of persuasive effect to be justly expected from the rewards thus annexed to truth-telling. The rewards would have to operate against heavy counter inducements. There would be, in a case of temptation to depart from the truth, first the obvious present advantages to be hoped for from successful lying. There would then be joined the consideration, that in case the lie were successful, there would in fact be no lie at all. Again, unquestionably there would be the sceptical doubt in many minds whether the rewards promised were altogether as certain as they were desirable. But see here the rewards, such as they are (p. 488):

"He who keeps the precept that forbids the uttering "of that which is not true will in future births have all "his senses perfect, a sweet voice, and teeth of a proper "size, regular and clean; he will not be thin, nor too

"tall nor too short; his skin will smell like the lotus; "he will have obedient servants and his word will be "believed; he will have blue eyes, like the petal of "the nelum, and a tongue red and soft like the petal of "the piyum; and he will not be proud, though his "situation will be exalted."

Would you look with high confidence to see a race of truth-tellers bred on such moral teaching accompanied with such sanctions? Would you not, on the whole, have more hope from the "Lie not one to another," "Speak every man truth with his neighbor," of Paul, backed up with wholesome "terrors of the Lord," such as, "Liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone"? Historically, have not the results, under the latter influence, been better?

V.

I REACH a point at which I find myself extremely embarrassed. I am very loath to appear in the character of an evil speaker against a great mass of my fellow-creatures. Certainly I bear no ill-will against my brethren, the Hindus. I wish them only well. I wish them well to the extent of wishing them rid of everything wrong in their character. They are no longer Buddhists now. But they have exchanged Buddhism for what is equally bad, Brahmanism—equally bad or worse. They need Christianity. I am for giving them Christianity. I should like myself to exemplify and recommend Christianity in my manner of speaking of the Hindus here. How shall I do this? By speaking the truth, and speaking it in love, is the express reply of Christianity itself. I will try to speak the truth, and I will promise to speak it in love.

It is not then, as I believe, the truth, to say, with Mr. Edwin Arnold, of the Hindus, that their "most characteristic" traits are due to the "benign influence" of Buddhism, or to any "benign" influence whatever. The Hindus, like the rest of mankind, apart from the regenerating power of Christianity, are a depraved and wicked race. I do not say, I do not suppose, they are naturally more depraved and wicked than their brethren of other races. But they are not less so. The particular forms of their depravity and wickedness are perhaps different; but whatever the difference, as it is not against them, so also it is not in their favor.

I say, the most characteristic traits of the Hindus are not due to the "benign influence" of Buddhism. They may not be due to any influence at all of Buddhism. Buddhism may be the product, rather than the producing cause, in the case. Buddhism very likely reflected the "most characteristic" traits of the Hindus, more than it created those traits. But at any rate there is a remarkable correspondence between the "most characteristic" Hindu traits and Buddhism.

If any average person of intelligence were asked to name two traits of national character attaching by eminence to the Hindus, he would, I suppose, not hesitate a moment to say, as I have myself already virtually said, Deceit and cruelty. If further asked to give his authority, he might be less prompt with his answer. He might be reduced to answer, Common fame. That authority shall not be permitted to do for us here. We will demand in the way of testimony something more solid than common fame.

The great work on the history of India, British India, is nearly seventy years old. The fact that, though thus old in date, and though challenged by numerous more recent competitors, it still keeps the field against them all as the standard work on the subject, sufficiently attests its high character. The author was James Mill, father to John Stuart Mill, but a man of much larger calibre than his more freshly famous, though not more famous, son. James Mill was a free spirit, not a Christian, indeed a foe to Christianity, but for all that a man of high moral tone. While undoubtedly, on topics that engaged his moral sentiments, he wrote with some heat, he was truthful in aim, and he took great pains to be true in fact. I have examined with some care the long chapter in his History, in which Mill describes the Hindu

character. It is a dreadful indictment against the Indian race. Mill writes from personal knowledge, for he was a long time in India, but he supports his indictment with ample confirmatory evidence from many different authorities. However, in order that what Mill says may be seen under a light the most favorable to the Hindus, I introduce it here, not directly from his own pages, but from the pages of Monier Williams's "India and the Indians," p. 358, where it stands prefaced with a protest from this later and less passionate writer :

"The great historian Mill, whose 'History of India' is still a standard work, has done infinite harm by his unjustifiable blackening of the Indian national character. He has declared (I quote various statements scattered through his work) that 'the superior castes in India are generally depraved, and capable of every fraud and villainy ; that they more than despise their inferiors, whom they kill with less scruple than we do a fowl ; that the inferior castes are profligate, guilty on the slightest occasion of the greatest crimes, and degraded infinitely below the brutes ; that the Hindus in general are devoid of every moral and religious principle ; cunning and deceitful, addicted to adulation, dissimulation, deception, dishonesty, falsehood, and perjury ; disposed to hatred, revenge, and cruelty ; indulging in furious and malignant passions, fostered by the gloomy and malignant principles ; perpetrating villainy with cool reflection ; indolent to the point of thinking death and extinction the happiest of all states ; avaricious, litigious, insensible to the sufferings of others, inhospitable, cowardly ; contemptuous and harsh to their women, whom they treat as slaves ; eminently devoid of filial, parental, and conjugal affection.' "

Such is James Mill's judgment of the Hindu character. The point on which he thus pronounces is, however, an interesting one, and important. Some further attention to it may serve to throw a needed light upon the trustworthiness of Mr. Arnold as guide to correct views of the subject which, in his poem, he undertakes to treat. I therefore add here one or two extracts from other sources of information.

Spry, in his "Modern India," vol. 2, p. 4, holds the following language:

"I next proceed to offer some remarks on the present condition of the national character; and, bad as every one must allow it to be, I do not consider it deserving that unqualified censure which has been so lavishly heaped upon it. With every respect for the authority of so great a name as Mill, I must say, that the conduct which has given occasion for the severity of his remarks, is not so much attributable, as he would lead us to suppose, to the inherent bad qualities of the mind of the people themselves, as to the selfish and unhealthy form of government under which they have been nurtured."

Spry further tells us, that "in a more favorable state of the human mind, that large portion of the field of action which it is impossible to reach with the terrors of the law, is protected by the sentiments of the people themselves; but in India there is no moral character. Sympathy and antipathy are distributed by religious, not by moral, judgment. Ignorance, and its concomitant, gross superstition, an implicit faith in the efficacy of prayers, charms, and magic; selfishness, low cunning, litigiousness, avarice, revenge, disregard for truth, and indolence, are the principal features to be traced."

William Ward was one of that immortal triumvirate, Carey, Marshman, and Ward, who began the modern era of missions. He spent nearly a quarter of a century in immediate contact with the people of India, and he thus speaks of them :

"The Rev. Mr. Maurice seems astonished that a people, so mild, so benevolent, so benignant as the Hindoos, 'who (quoting Mr. Orme) *shudder at the very sight of blood*,' should have adopted so many bloody rites. But are these Hindoos indeed so humane ?—these men, and women too, who drag their dying relations to the banks of the river at all seasons, day and night, and expose them to the heat and cold in the last agonies of death, without remorse ;—who assist men to commit self-murder, encouraging them to swing with hooks in their backs, to pierce their tongues and sides, to cast themselves on naked knives, to bury themselves alive, throw themselves into rivers, from precipices, and under the cars of their idols ;—who murder their own children, by burying them alive, throwing them to the alligators, or hanging them up alive in trees for the ants and crows before their own doors, or by sacrificing them to the Ganges ; who burn alive, amidst savage shouts, the heart-broken widow, by the hands of her own son, and with the corpse of a deceased father ;—who every year butcher thousands of animals, at the call of superstition, covering themselves with their blood, consigning their carcases to the dogs, and carrying their heads in triumph through the streets ?—Are these 'the benignant Hindoos' ?—a people who have never erected a charity school, an almshouse, nor an hospital ; who suffer their fellow-creatures to perish for want before their very doors, refusing to administer to their wants while living, or to

inter their bodies, to prevent their being devoured by vultures and jackals, when dead; who, when the power of the sword was in their hands, impaled alive, cut off the noses, the legs, and arms of culprits; and inflicted punishments exceeded only by those of the followers of the mild, amiable, and benevolent Boodhu, in the Burman empire! and who, very often, in their acts of pillage, murder the plundered, cutting off their limbs with the most cold-blooded apathy, turning the house of the murdered into a disgusting shambles!—Some of these cruelties, no doubt, arise out of the religion of the Hindoos, and are the poisoned fruits of superstition, rather than the effects of natural disposition; but this is equally true respecting the virtues which have been so lavishly bestowed on this people. At the call of the shastru, the Hindoo gives water to the weary traveller during the month Voishakhu; but he may perish at his door without pity or relief from the first of the following month, no reward being attached to such an act after these thirty days have expired. He will make weeds, pools of water, and build lodging-houses for pilgrims and travellers; but he considers himself as making a good bargain with the gods in all these transactions. It is a fact, that there is not a road in the country made by Hindoos except a few which lead to holy places; and had there been no future rewards held out for such acts of merit, even these would not have existed. Before the kulee-yoogu it was lawful to sacrifice cows; but the man who does it now is guilty of a crime as heinous as that of killing a braurhun: he may kill a buffalo, however, and Doorga will reward him with heaven for it. A Hindoo, by any direct act, should not destroy an insect, for he is taught that God inhabits even a fly; but it is no great crime if he should permit even his cow to

perish with hunger; and he beats it without mercy, though it be an incarnation of Bhuguvutee—it is enough, that he does not really deprive it of life; for the indwelling Brumhu feels no stroke but that of death. The Hindoo will utter falsehood that would knock down an ox, and will commit perjuries so atrocious and disgusting, as to fill with horror those who visit the courts of justice; but he will not violate his shastru by swearing on the waters of the Ganges."

The Duke of Wellington, "truth-lover," "who never spoke against a foe," is quoted as saying of the Hindus ("Supplementary Despatches," 1797–1805): "They are the most deceitful, mischievous race of people that I have ever seen or heard of. I have not yet met with a Hindu who had one good quality."

I repeat that I, of course, on the subject of Hindu character, know nothing at all of my own personal knowledge. Anxious, however, not to misrepresent, I have carefully considered what Professor Max Müller in his "India: What Can it Teach Us?" under title "Truthful Character of the Hindus," is able, as advocate, to say on behalf of clients believed by him to be so unjustly accused. Professor Müller has produced an elaborate piece of special pleading; but he has not, so it seems to me, materially changed the state of the evidence. However, it is not the Hindu national character that I am principally examining. Whether the reputation borne by the Hindus for lying be deserved or not, matters little to my main contention. All I need to say is that if, on the one hand, they did indeed become the liars they are generally and, as I believe, justly reputed to be, that result was but the quite natural fruit of

Buddhist teaching on this central point in morals ; and if, on the other hand, they remained steadily truthful, it was in spite of ethical doctrine directly tending to make them false. Buddhism has been tried before us here, by its own words, and on this subject been found fatally wanting. It is, I think, tolerably clear that there remains reason enough for Christians to try to christianize the countries in which Buddhism prevails. Buddhism, during the centuries of its sway in India, did not permanently make the inhabitants of that region quite all that they ought to be. Buddhism is not making very rapid progress in regenerating the peoples of China, Japan, and Ceylon. Buddhism, in short, is not, after all, what its enthusiastic advocates represent it, namely, something about as good as Christianity, possibly even a little better. The missionary motive, for the case of Buddhists, is not yet exhausted for Christians. We shall still have to take up missionary collections, observe missionary concerts of prayer, despatch and sustain missionaries for carrying the Gospel of Christ to Buddhist lands. (I hope, by the way, that the missionaries we send will be men themselves brought up, in our divinity schools, on the Gospel of Christ, and not on Comparative Religion.)

VI.

We have now sunk shafts into the heart of Buddhism at two vital points of the system—with what product resulting, we have all of us seen. It is remarkably easy to plunge into the fog of Hindu cosmogony, Hindu ontology, Hindu theosophy, Hindu mythology, and lose our way,—perhaps lose our head too as well as our way, witness, for instance, that curious phenomenon, the book entitled "Esoteric Buddhism," of which more hereafter. But there need be no such trouble experienced in striking a short path, here or there, into Hindu ethics. This, holding our Christian gospel clue fast in hand, we have already twice done, and got safe back to open day again. There is really no need of exploring further. A morality found forbidding murder indeed, but forbidding murder in such a way as offers immunity for murder, forbidding falsehood, but forbidding falsehood in such a way as sets a premium on skilful falsehood, is already sufficiently judged. Such a morality as that, no excellence in any other point, or in any number of other points, can possibly redeem. It is, by these faults alone, proved to be of the earth, earthy—worse, of the devil, devilish. Argument on the subject is precluded. The first step is the last step in any logical process you undertake about it. Indeed, you cannot undertake any logical process about it. You simply damn such morality out of hand, damn it with an instantaneous eruptive malediction vented from your Christian moral sense. And there is an end of it.

Still, there is another point in morals, both so vital in itself, and so central in Mr. Arnold's misrepresentation of Buddhism, that I think we had better at that point make one assay more of the moral quality belonging to this great system of superstition. The point in question concerns the mutual relation of the sexes.

> "Touch not thy neighbor's wife, neither commit
> Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit,"

is Mr. Arnold's version of the Buddhist precept now to be considered. (The form which the precept assumes under Mr. Arnold's fatal hand is worth noting. Is the meaning, Do not commit such "sins of the flesh" as are "unlawful *and* unfit"—with the implication that such "sins of the flesh" as have not the misfortune to be "unlawful and unfit" may be committed? Or is the meaning, Do not commit "sins of the flesh," for these are "unlawful and unfit"—with the implication that sins *not* "of the flesh" may be committed? Or *what* is the meaning?) The original form, translated by Mr. Hardy, is both less comprehensive and less summary, "Manual of Budhism," p. 484:

"When any one approaches a woman that is under "the protection of another, whether it be her father, "if her mother be dead; or her mother, if her father "be dead; or both parents; or her brother, sister, or "other relative of either parent; or the person to whom "she has been betrothed: the precept is broken that "forbids illicit intercourse with the sex. Whosoever "does this will be disgraced by the prince; he will "have to pay a fine, or be placed in some mean situa-"tion, or have a garland of flowers put in derision "about his neck.

"There are twenty-one descriptions of women whom "it is forbidden to approach. Among them are, a "woman protected by her relatives; or bought with "money; or who is cohabiting with another of her own "free will; or works for another person for wages, "though she is not a slave; or who is betrothed; or a "slave living with her owner; or working in her own "house; or taken as a spoil in war. All these are to be "regarded as the property of another, and are therefore "not to be approached.

"When any one approaches a female who is the prop-"erty of another, with the intent to commit evil, and "practises some deception to gain his end, and accom-"plishes his purpose, he transgresses against the "precept.

"Four things are necessary to constitute this crime: "—1. There must be some one that it is unlawful to "approach. 2. There must be the evil intention. 3. "There must be some act or effort to carry the intention "into effect. 4. There must be the accomplishment of "the intention.

"The magnitude of this offence increases in propor-"tion to the merit of the woman's protector; and when "she has no protector, in proportion to her own merit."

This, on examination, will not, to the considerate moralist, prove very satisfactory. "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Flee fornication," are better. Observe: the principal and direct part of the Buddhist precept seems to concern exclusively "a woman who is under the protection of another." Only by inference, in a subsequent clause incidentally introduced, is the prohibition haltingly extended to a woman having "no protector." The offence is graduated in magnitude ac-

cording to the "merit" of the person trespassed against, which person, let it be noted, is not the woman herself, save in the exceptional case of her being a woman without protector. "There are twenty-one descriptions of women" not to be approached. A principle of prohibition how vicious, to undertake enumeration of classes of women not to be approached! Women outside of the enumeration would of course be understood to be outside of the application of the precept. "All these [the enumerated classes] are to be regarded as the property of another, and are *therefore* not to be approached." "Therefore!" To constitute the crime forbidden, there "must be the evil intention," *and* "the accomplishment of the intention." "Whosoever *looketh upon* a woman to lust after her, *hath* committed adultery with her already in his heart," was the condemnation pronounced by Jesus. No "accomplishment of the intention" was necessary to constitute the crime in *His* sight.

One fruit of the late truly curious development among us Westerns of public interest in Buddhism, has been a "Popular Life of Buddha," handsomely issued in England. The author is a vehement champion of his subject and hero. Among the notable things urged by him in Buddha's favor, he claims that Buddha raised woman to peership with man. Does the foregoing precept read like it? "Property of another," yet that other's equal? "Women are hasty, they are given to "quarrel, they exercise hatred, and are full of evil," is a general sentence, in a kind of *obiter dictum*, on the sex, delivered elsewhere by Buddha. Mr. Hardy gives it in his "Eastern Monachism," p. 159. Along with the preceding hard expression from Buddha about woman as woman, Mr. Hardy, on the same page of the same work, cites a further utterance of the great teacher, bearing on

this subject. Buddha is legislating for his scheme of monasteries:

"The female recluse, though she be a hundred years "old, when she sees a sámanéra novice, though he be "only eight years old and just received, shall be obliged "to rise from her seat when she perceives him in the "distance; go toward him, and offer him worship."

With that, contrast Paul's instruction to Timothy:

"Rebuke not an elder, but entreat him as a father; and the younger men as brethren; *the elder women as mothers; the younger as sisters*, with all purity."

What a difference of tone! And take this appeal from the same apostle to the same young preacher:

"I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy *grandmother Lois*, and thy *mother Eunice*."

To which, to Buddhism, or to Christianity, does modern woman owe her debt? Recall, further, from a page foregoing, the advantage promised in Buddhism to the Bódhisat, that he shall never *be born a female*. Does that put dignity upon the woman?

Harsh measure certainly toward woman we have found dealt out by the great pagan equalizer of woman and man. But we have not yet found his harshest:

"Any woman whatever," said Buddha, "Eastern Monachism," p. 160, "if she have a proper opportu-"nity, and can do it in secret, and be enticed thereto, will

"do that which is wrong, however ugly the paramour "may be."

How do these things sort with the representation of Buddha given us by Mr. Arnold in the "Light of Asia"?

Undoubtedly there are many things said by Buddha to indicate his estimate of woman, less ungracious than those which have now been presented. But these latter stand; and what do they imply? Let me, however, be justly sensitive to the demands of fairness in the case, and redress the balance of my presentation. Here is what Buddha lays down for instruction to the husband concerning his duty to his wife. I draw again from Hardy's chapter entitled "Ethics of Budhism" ("Manual," p. 498):

"There are five ways in which the husband ought to "assist the wife:—1. He must speak to her pleasantly, "and say to her, Mother, I will present you with gar-"ments, perfumes, and ornaments. 2. He must speak to "her respectfully, not using low words such as he would "use to a servant or slave. 3. He must not leave the "woman whom he possesses by giving to her clothes, "ornaments, etc., and go to a woman who is kept by an-"other. 4. If she does not receive a proper allowance of "food she will become angry; therefore she must be prop-"erly provided for, that this may be prevented. 5. He "must give her ornaments, and other similar articles, "according to his ability."

This seems kindly conceived; but the kindness inculcated is the kindness of self-respect and condescension yielded as from a conscious superior. The instruction

rather denies, than implies, a dignity in woman equal with the dignity of man. How well would it satisfy the just wish, as to regard due from her husband, of a wife educated in Christian ideas? In the long run of history, would such an ideal of the conjugal relation be likely to give woman her place side by side with man as his equal partner in life? Would it build Wellesley College for women? Would it tend to produce a poem like "The Princess," for example, of Tennyson? Would it go toward yielding us a Mrs. Browning? In one word, is it Christian—or, if not identically Christian, still something else as good, possibly better? "Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter against them," was Paul's word. Would the author of that word, would Paul, have been capable of saying, like Buddha, and with Buddha's implication against his own mother's sex, "*Any woman whatever* will do that which is wrong"? Was *that* said by Buddha—and yet did Buddha love his wife, as in the "Light of Asia" Mr. Arnold represents him to have loved her? The contradiction in thought is monstrous, abhorrent. "*Any woman whatever*"—and Buddha the son of a woman, the husband of a woman!

In truth, here too, Mr. Arnold, according to that fatal habit of his mind, which vitiates all his imaginative work, has incorporated inseparably into the "Light of Asia," as a whole, ideas that repel each other with absolutely implacable mutual repugnance. He has made Buddha at the same time love Yasodhara with Christian love, and treat Yasodhara with pagan cruelty. "The Great Renunciation" is Mr. Arnold's alternative title for his poem. The great renunciation meant is Buddha's, and it consisted in his abandoning all for the sake of becoming an ascetic to save, first, himself, and then the world. His abandoning of all included his abandoning

of Yasodhara his wife. This particular abandonment indeed is made by Mr. Arnold to be the capital point of the whole great act. And abandon Yasodhara Buddha did. It was a bald, outright abandonment. He left her clandestinely in the night. He bade no good-bye. He might have taken her into the confidence of his plan, and invited her to share with him the great renunciation. She was worthy of this treatment,—according to Mr. Arnold, if not according to the legend. But no. He simply ran away from her. His heart tugged at him in the doing of this deed of hardness toward his wife. So Mr. Arnold represents—though the legends say nothing of this. But he forsook her and fled—this blameless prince of Mr. Arnold's ideal, "the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception"!

The accomplished M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, by the way, is quoted by Mr. Arnold, (at second hand through Professor Max Müller,) as giving to Buddha a stainless record of life. Was, then, Buddha's early licentiousness no stain? Was his subsequent running away from his wife no stain? We shall have to change our ideas of purity and honor. Pray keep your heads, ye eager encomiasts of paganism! (Such indeed M. St. Hilaire is not, though in this particular concession he exceeds just bounds.) Say that Buddha was a good man, according to his light; but do not let the new wine of this liberalism of yours make drunk altogether your reason, your conscience, and your common sense!

Before we quite dismiss from consideration the subject of woman's place and privilege under Buddhism, and her place and privilege in India with the not yet extinguished Buddhist traditions of India, I have a contrast to present existing between Mr. Arnold's fancy on the one hand, and grim fact on the other.

Mr. Arnold draws a very cheerful picture of the Indian dancing-girls, and of their part in making life in India happy. You would, from what he says and implies, certainly gather that these were innocent, pretty "gay creatures of the element," so to speak, as to whom —according to the well-known American myth which the chief dramatic personage in it refused to spoil by contradicting—transcendental Margaret Fuller, witnessing, with Emerson, their rhythmic motions, might say to him, "Waldo, this is poetry," he replying, "Margaret, this is religion." So trippingly, in Mr. Arnold's verse, do these dancing-girls move in and out,

"Chiming light laughter round their restless feet."

Would readers of the "Light of Asia" suppose that of those same dancing-girls could be true the following, which I take from Spry's "Modern India," vol. I., p. 170. Mr. Spry is speaking of the low state of Indian women in general as to intellectual culture:

"The Hindú dancing girls, on the other hand, whose occupations are avowedly devoted to public pleasure, are taught the use of letters, and are minutely instructed in the knowledge of every blandishment and art which can operate in communicating the sensual gratification of love. These women in former times were not obliged to seek shelter in private haunts, nor are they, on account of their professional conduct, marked with any opprobrious epithet. No religious festival or ceremony is considered perfect without the presence of dancing women; and during the Hindú and Mahomedan rule of Hindústan, they were, and are, even to this day, in those sovereignties independent of us, endowed with grants of public land for their maintenance. The mass of them

however are now without this provision, and not a whit less dissolute in their habits than the fair Cyprians of the Western world."

I even vindicate Buddhism—against Mr. Arnöld. Buddhism expressly condemns dancing and the seeing of dancing.

So much for one side of the contrast to be presented. Now for the other. Grim fact it will be, set against gay fancy. If any think that the Indian practice of dancing is but a frivolous affair at most for Buddha, or for me, to condescend to, no one certainly will deny that the Indian practice of *suttee* is sufficiently grave. This is the name of that custom, in accordance with which a large part of "mild" Asia inflicts death, by burning alive, upon wives unfortunate enough to survive their husbands. Christianity and British government together have, within a hundred years past, done much to abolish this dreadful practice; but early in the present century, Dr. Carey, the illustrious English Baptist missionary in India, gathered some statistics on the point, which may be accepted as his contribution to the "social science" of that period. Here is part of what he has to report. Mr. Ward, Dr. Carey's associate, is my authority. I quote from his "View of the History, Literature, Religion of the Hindoos," p. 114:

"Some years ago, two attempts were made, under the immediate superintendence of Dr. Carey, to ascertain the number of widows burnt alive within a given time. The first attempt was intended to ascertain the number thus burnt within thirty miles of Calcutta, during one year—viz., in 1803. Persons, selected for the purpose, were sent from place to place through that extent, to en-

quire of the people of each town or village how many had been burnt within the year. The return made a total of FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT. Yet very few places east or west of the river Hoogly were visited. To ascertain this matter with greater exactness, ten persons were, in the year 1804, stationed in the different places within the above-mentioned extent of country; each person's station was marked out, and he continued on the watch for six months, taking account of every instance of a widow's being burnt which came under his observation. Monthly reports were sent in; and the result, though less than the preceding year's report, made the number between TWO AND THREE HUNDRED for the year! If within so small a space several hundred widows were burnt alive in one year, HOW MANY THOUSANDS OF THESE WIDOWS MUST BE MURDERED IN A YEAR IN SO EXTENSIVE A COUNTRY AS HINDOOST'HAN! So that, in fact, the funeral pile devours more than war itself! How truly shocking! Nothing equal to it exists in the whole work of human cruelty! What a tragic history would a complete detail of these burnings make!"

Page 126: "It is difficult to form an estimate of the number of Hindoos who perish annually, the victims of superstition; and the author fears any reasonable conjecture would appear to many as highly exaggerated, and intended to prejudice the public mind against the Hindoos as idolaters. He wishes to feel and avow a just abhorrence of idolatry, and to deplore it as one of the greatest scourges ever employed by a Being, terrible in anger, to punish nations who have rejected the direct and simple means which nature and conscience supply of knowing himself; but he would use no unfair means of rendering even idolatry detestable; and with this assur-

ance, he now enters on as correct a conjecture respecting the number of victims annually sacrificed on the altars of the Indian gods, as he is able :

Widows burnt alive on the funeral pile, in Hindoost'hann	5,000
Pilgrims perishing on the roads and at sacred places	4,000
Persons drowning themselves in the Ganges, or buried or burnt alive	500
Children immolated, including the daughters of the raju-pootus	500
Sick persons whose death is hastened on the banks of the Ganges	500
Total,	10,500

Rather gruesome details these, to illustrate one of those " most characteristic habits" of the Hindus which Mr. Arnold declares to be " clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts" ! *Suttee* is, indeed, not a Buddhist institution ; but it certainly is, or till lately was, one of the " most characteristic habits " of the Hindus.

On this point, I rest, as the lawyers say. That is, as to the state of woman in India, I have presented my case. My readers can judge for themselves how well the facts really existing sustain Mr. Arnold's representations on the subject, expressed and implied in the " Light of Asia." They can judge also of the praise justly due to Buddhism for its influence on the fortunes of woman. Just now, while I have been writing these sentences, the daily papers bring to my notice the alleged fact of a form of husband's discipline in present active use among the Hindus,

not, I should say, indicative either of very fine national character, on their part, or of a highly eligible position enjoyed by Indian women. Five recent cases are reported in Bombay of the cutting off of wives' noses by their husbands. Very barbarous things are sometimes done by American husbands to their wives; but I submit that just this sort of practice, the cutting off of wives' noses, implies, in Hindu character and in Hindu estimation of woman, something widely different from what obtains in Christian lands.

VII.

In fact, with what has already been said, I rest, altogether and finally, on the whole subject of this volume. Fresh matter still I have in great plenty, but none that I need to introduce. My purpose was to be not exhaustive, but tentative. Out of the illimitably expansile cloud-land of Hindu philosophy so-called, I had no idea of cutting any section for showing to my readers. "Embracing cloud, Ixion-like," is an exercise far more satisfactory to the Oriental, than it is to the Occidental, mind. Hindu philosophy will always remain a "land of darkness as darkness itself," to the average American intellect. Possibly the time may come when to read and understand Hindu metaphysics and Hindu poetry, studied in the original Sanscrit, or in the original Pali, will be considered a good discipline for our youth in college classes. But as yet, the attempt to domesticate Hindu speculation among us here in America, is decidedly premature. There is Mr. Ram Chandra Bose's "Hindu Philosophy" already accessible to English readers; and that admirable series of discussions must be accepted as all that is needed for the present on the subject. The perfect lucidity of the medium employed in this book—for Mr. Bose's English style is excellent—serves well to display the obstinate opacity of the thing itself that is shown us through the medium.

Hindu speculative philosophy, therefore, with its monstrous cosmogony and its monstrous cosmology, and

all the rest of it, I have here eschewed. The Occidental mind is ill fitted to deal with it. With Buddhist ethics, however, I felt sure that we could do something. We could understand it and judge it. Esoteric Buddhism may presume to transcend questions of practical morals; but the Occidental conscience, trained in Christian ideas, attaches as yet considerable importance to such points. To us Occidentals, Buddhism is good or bad, chiefly according to its ethics. Now, Buddhist ethics might be very good, and—very worthless. For, however good, they might lack vital force to get themselves lived by. But they are not very good. They are fundamentally vicious. The good that is in them is powerless, through defect of energizing motive supplied to get the good practiced. The evil that is in them—alas! that has behind it all the force of native human depravity to help it work its harm. The result is—what we see in Buddhist lands, and what we fail to find truthfully depicted in Mr. Arnold's "Light of Asia."

VIII.

I HAVE just spoken of esoteric Buddhism. There are, and I have not been unmindful of the fact, two Buddhisms very different the one from the other. There is exoteric Buddhism, and there is esoteric Buddhism. Exoteric Buddhism is contained in books. Esoteric Buddhism lives only from voice to voice. Exoterie Buddhism may be studied. Esoterie Buddhism must be learned without study through a proeess of pure intuition,—if it be learned at all. You may verify the results of your study in exoterie Buddhism. What you learn of esoteric Buddhism admits of no verification whatsoever. How transcendental in its nature, and how hopelessly confounding to the native wit of man, is esoteric Buddhism, may be guessed from this one statement, occurring in a work about to be named, a work of the highest authority on the subject, lately published in England :

" All the root-words transferred to popular literature from the seeret doetrine have a sevenfold significance, at least for the initiate, while the uninitiated reader, naturally supposing that one word means one thing, and trying always to clear up its meaning by collating its various applications, and striking an average, gets into the most hopeless embarrassment. "

The same book speaks of "occult science" as "infiltrating into the mind—no words at all being used to convey it."

It is, I need not, after these quotations, say, the

humbler, the exoteric, or outside, Buddhism that I have sought in these pages partially to exhibit. Of esoteric Buddhism, I must content myself with simply remarking, that it is a system of "occult science" so-called, comprehensive and profound ludicrously beyond any measure of comparison supplied in other knowledge, or pretension to knowledge, existing among men. This occult science—or esoteric Buddhism, as it may more distinctively be called—is a mystery that has been hidden from ages and from generations—until the current eighteen hundred eighty-fifth year of—the Buddhist? nay, indeed, ridiculous to say! of the Christian era. It has now been revealed, after a sort, by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, "President of the Simla Eclectic Theosophical Society." This gentleman has written and published a book, "of immense importance to the world," he thinks, entitled "Esoteric Buddhism," in which, for absolutely the first time in innumerable cycles of æons, the doctrines of "occult science" are put into forms of expression for profane eyes to read. These doctrines he does not prove; not he, he simply announces them. The startling thing about it all, is that he does this in print. Hitherto, as already intimated, these doctrines have been merely the sacred oral tradition of teachers, from age to age. Never until now have they been cast down at risk before the promiscuous vulgar, as Mr. Sinnett casts them, like pearls before swine.

It is no part of my purpose either to expound or to criticise Mr. Sinnett's book. I will barely say that I have read it with "clumsy and irreverent" wonder—wonder somewhat resembling, therefore, in spirit the criticism which the author feared might be visited upon his volume. Esoteric Buddhism, though very different from, is not necessarily contradictory to, exoteric Buddh-

ism. There is nothing, therefore, in the extracts from Buddhist literature contained in the preceding pages, that Mr. Sinnett would concern himself to repudiate. He would merely transcend them. Esoteric Buddhism is far too placid a thing ever to smile—otherwise Mr. Sinnett might possibly smile at some of my interpretations and discussions; but my quotations he would not, for he could not, discredit. These stand, and my readers may judge, and fairly judge, Buddhism by them.

Esoteric Buddhism, as set forth by Mr. Sinnett, deals with matters far too sublime to admit sublunary concerns like ethical questions to mingle with them. Of God, it is as little heedful as is exoteric Buddhism. Mr. Sinnett expressly says respecting the "wondrously endowed representatives of occult science," that "they never occupy themselves at all with any conception remotely resembling the God of churches and creeds." Of "vice" and "virtue" Mr. Sinnett speaks, but he gives no indication as to what constitutes either "virtue" or "vice." By silence, therefore, esoteric Buddhism remands us to exoteric Buddhism to find out Buddhist principles of morality. In fact, Mr. Sinnett, p. 158, says:

"Ceylon [our own authority, Mr. Hardy, writes and translates as from Ceylon] is saturated with exoteric, and Thibet with esoteric, Buddhism. Ceylon concerns itself merely or mainly with the morality, Thibet, or rather the adepts of Thibet, with the science, of Buddhism."

My readers have therefore gone with me to the right place to get pure Buddhist ethics. Our inquisition into the true moral quality of Buddhism is seen to be not at all the less in value for being confessedly exoteric.

It will tend to show what might be expected, in the way of moral fruit, from esoteric Buddhism, once transplanted and flourishing here, and at the same time will throw a superfluous light on the ideal Hindu character,—if I quote, at this point, a few sentences from an earlier book of Mr. Sinnett's, entitled "The Occult World," (p. 7), a production even more curious perhaps than his "Esoteric Buddhism":

"Ask any cultivated Hindoo if he has ever heard of Mahatmas ['Adepts' or 'Brethren'] and Yog Vidya or occult science, and it is a hundred to one that you will find he has—and, unless he happens to be a hybrid product of an Anglo-Indian University, that he fully believes in the reality of the powers ascribed to Yoga. It does not follow that he will at once say 'Yes' to a European asking the question. He will probably say just the reverse, from the apprehension I have spoken of above; but push your questions home, and you will discover the truth, as I did, for example, in the case of a very intelligent English-speaking native vakeel in an influential position, and in constant relations with high European officials, last year. At first my new acquaintance met my inquiries as to whether he knew anything about these subjects with a wooden look of complete ignorance, and an explicit denial of any knowledge as to what I meant at all. It was not till the second time I saw him in private, at my own house, that by degrees it grew upon him that I was in earnest, and knew something about Yoga myself, and then he quietly opened out his real thoughts on the subject, and showed me that he knew not only perfectly well what I meant all along, but was stocked with information concerning occurrences and phenomena of an occult or apparently supernatural

order, many of which had been observed in his own family and some by himself."

The Christian conscience will instinctively revolt from such a standard of truth-telling as is thus fatuously exemplified by Mr. Sinnett, not to say *in* Mr. Sinnett. Occult science ought to have, for lovers of truth wherever found, no charms capable of overcoming this guardian instinctive first revolt and abhorrence. Continue to listen, after you know you are listening to a liar, and whom have you but yourself to blame, if you are brought under a strong delusion that you should believe a lie?

It should not be overlooked that what Mr. Sinnett relates as to the conduct of the "adept" native, exactly tallies with the ethical inculcation of Buddhism on the subject of lying. The "wooden look of complete ignorance" and the "explicit denial of any knowledge"—these, according to Buddhist morality, were not "lies," should they have the effect to deceive. After they evidently fail to have this effect they are no longer persisted in. Here you have Buddhist morality very happily exemplified in act by a Buddhist. Christians under stress may sometimes violate truth. But it will then be because they disobey Christ—not because they obey Him! This is the difference between Buddhism and Christianity.

My mention of Mr. Sinnett's books will incidentally show that Buddhism, however alien a thing, and drearily void of interest, to most Western minds, is yet to some people among us a subject full of strange attraction. Mr. Arnold has probably increased the number of those susceptible to this attraction, but he is himself an authority too exoteric to be so much as mentioned by the esoteric Mr. Sinnett.

Apropos of Mr. Sinnett's later book, I may perhaps assume that some at least of my readers will be interested to know what last word esoteric Buddhism has to say on the moot-question of the real sense of the Buddhist term Nirvana. I shall be able to alternately satisfy and disappoint the adherents of the two contrary views current on the subject. According to esoteric Buddhism, Nirvana, in the first place, is *not* cessation of conscious existence and, in the second place, it *is*. Mr. Sinnett says, p. 163 : "All that words can convey is that Nirvana is a sublime state of *conscious rest* in omniscience." But then again, less simply, he says, p. 182 :

"Certainly it is not by reason of the grandeur of any human conceptions as to what would be an adequate reason for the existence of the universe, that such a consummation can appear an insufficient purpose, not even if the final destiny of the planetary spirit himself, after periods to which his development from the mineral forms of primeval worlds is but a childhood in the recollection of the man, is to merge his glorified individuality into that sum total of all consciousness, which esoteric metaphysics treat as absolute consciousness, which is *non-consciousness.*" (The italics are the present writer's.)

The ultimate human state, then, Nirvana, or para-Nirvana, is, after all, "non-conscious." Let those who please difference this from personal annihilation. We exoterics will have to think that the two, non-consciousness and personal non-existence, come practically to much the same thing.

I must, in conclusion, once more remind my readers of a fact not to be neglected by them. The trust-

worthiness of the present discussion of Buddhism depends upon the trustworthiness of the authority chiefly relied upon, namely, Mr. Hardy. In order to furnish to each individual inquirer at least a partial basis for an intelligent opinion of his own respecting the value of this source of information, I give here some remarks made by Mr. Hardy in his preface:

"In the preparation of the present Manual, I have kept one object steadily in view. It has been my simple aim, to answer the question, 'What is Buddhism, as it is now professed by its myriads of votaries?' A deep interest in the subject; intense application; honesty of purpose; a long residence in a country where the system is professed; a daily use of the language from which I have principally translated; and constancy of intercourse with the sramana priests, have been my personal advantages to aid me in the undertaking. . . . The concluding chapters present a compendium of the ontology and ethics of Buddhism, as they are understood by the modern priesthood, and now taught to the people.

"In confining myself, almost exclusively, to translation, I have chosen the humblest form in which to reappear as an author. I might have written an extended essay upon the system, as it presents a rich mine, comparatively unexplored; or have attempted to make the subject popular, by leaving out its extravagances, and weaving its more interesting portions into a continued narrative; but neither of these modes would have fulfilled my intention. They would have enabled me only to give expression to an opinion, when I wish to present an authority. I have generally refrained from comment;

but in order thereto, have had to lay aside matter that has cost me much thought in its preparation."

* * * * * *

"I am not aware that I have omitted any great feature of the system; unless it be, that I have not given sufficient prominence to the statements of my authorities on the anatomy of the body, and to their reflections on the offensive accompaniments of death. It is probable that a careful review of insulated portions of the work will discover errors in my translation, as in much of my labor I have had no predecessor; but I have never wilfully perverted any statement, and have taken all practicable methods to secure the utmost accuracy."

These expressions have in them the note of sincerity, and, I will venture to add, of scholarly qualification on the author's part, for the task undertaken by him. I am not aware that either the good faith, or the adequate equipment in learning, of Mr. Hardy has ever been called in question. His "Manual of Budhism" is incessantly quoted from and referred to, always with respect, by writers of the best character and highest accomplishment, who deal with his subject. Professor Max Müller and Dr. Rhys Davids may stand for examples. It would undoubtedly have been satisfactory to collate Mr. Hardy's translations, at the peculiarly vital point of ethical teaching, with the translations of other Oriental scholars. But it is at this very point, as it happens, that Mr. Hardy has apparently been a pioneer without companion or follower. At least I have looked carefully through the superb library of "Sacred Books of the East," edited by Professor Max Müller, without finding anything that I could place as a parallel alongside of Hardy's "Ethics of Buddhism." Volumes there are in that great collection, of translation

from the original Pali, but the taste, or the judgment, or the fortune, of the learned translator has not, so far as I discover, led him to give us anything in the way of distinctively ethical teaching on the part of Buddhism. Whether or not Pali originals shall yet be found and produced in English to support Mr. Hardy's translations from Singhalese, matters little—to our purpose. Hardy shows us Buddhism as it exists in Ceylon. If, in some former age, and elsewhere than in Ceylon, Buddhism was better, it has but followed the tendency of things human to deteriorate with time. We are concerned here with what Buddhism certainly is, not with what Buddhism conjecturally was.

It will be observed that Mr. Hardy is in no sense responsible for the use here made by me of the material that he furnishes. I have taken strictly the Buddhist text supplied me in Mr. Hardy's translations from the Singhalese form of the original Pali, but I have freely chosen my own way in interpretative comment.

Some one may bethink himself to inquire, But, Mr. Hardy's authority being supposed satisfactory, has the present writer represented Buddhism fairly and proportionately out of Mr. Hardy? On this point, with all confidence I can say that Buddhism has no just cause to complain. So far from it, the system might easily, and that in consistency with truth, have been made to appear greatly more ridiculous than I have in fact made it appear. The proportion of monstrous and incredible belonging to it, is much larger in Mr. Hardy than it is in my pages. Buddhism is in truth here painted too bright rather than to black. If my picture of the system does not sustain Mr. Arnold, Mr. Arnold would surely look in vain for anything to sustain him in the original of my picture, namely, the system itself.

Whether as literature, then, or as exposition of Buddhist doctrine and life, the "Light of Asia" must be pronounced unworthy to survive. As to the other pagan poems of Mr. Arnold, his "Pearls of the Faith," his "Indian Idylls," and his "Iliad of India," it is quite enough to say of these productions that they had from the first their only chance of immortality in parasitic attachment to the fortunes of the "Light of Asia." In due time, principal and parasite, they, with the false religions of which they treat, will go to the limbo of things abortive, one and all of them confounded and forgotten together.

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